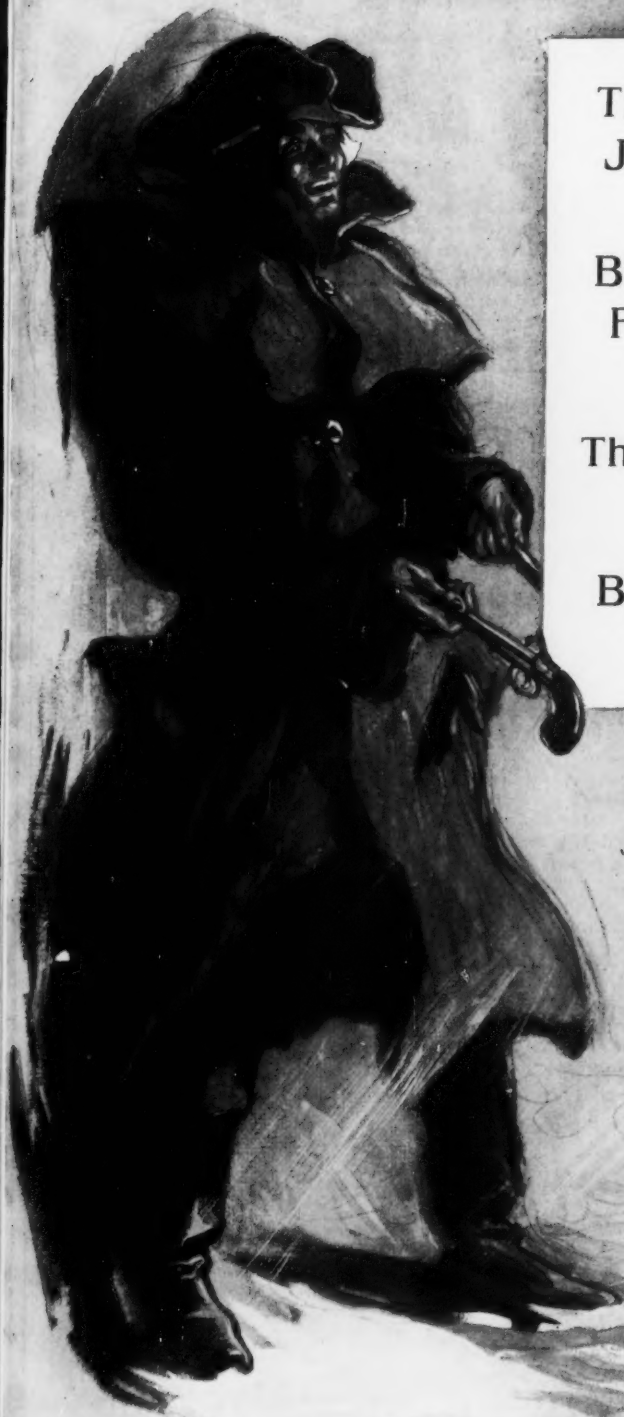


# Collier's

JANUARY

16, 1904



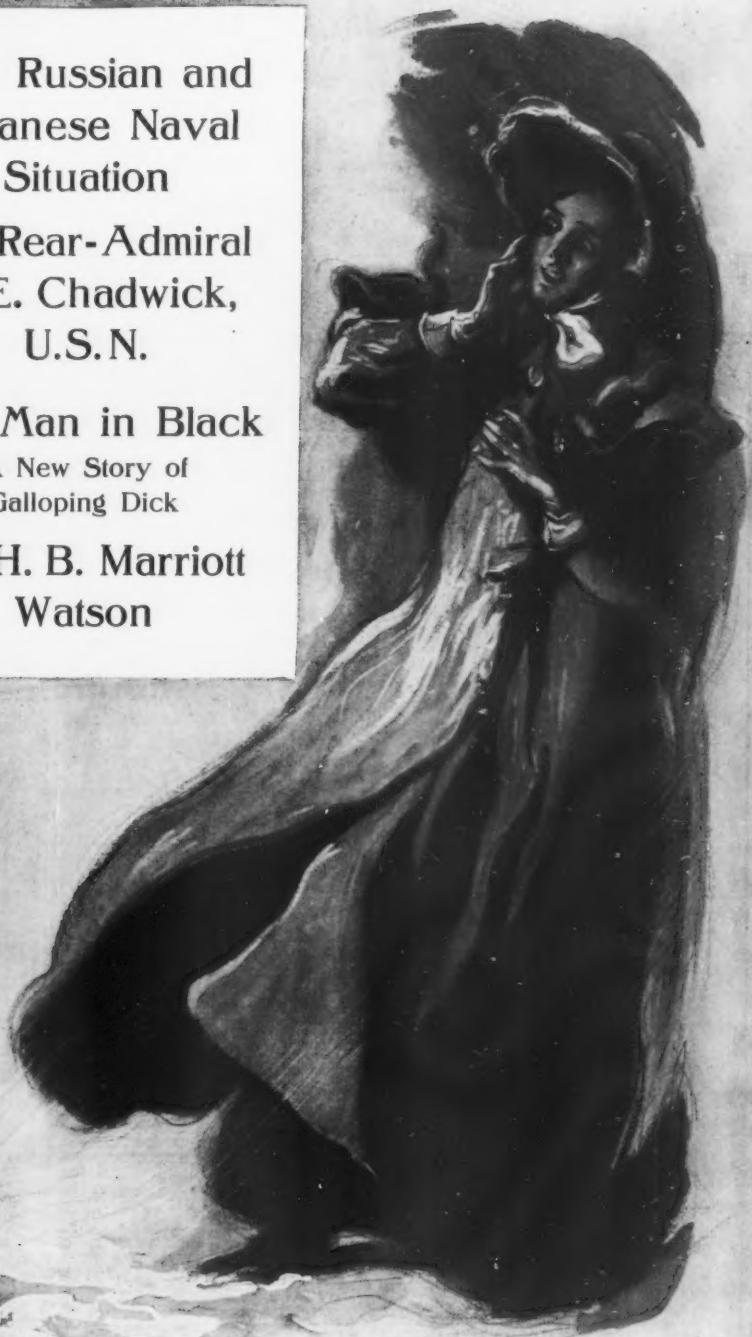
The Russian and  
Japanese Naval  
Situation

By Rear-Admiral  
F. E. Chadwick,  
U.S.N.

The Man in Black

A New Story of  
Galloping Dick

By H. B. Marriott  
Watson



# New-York Life Insurance Co.

JOHN A. MCCALL, PRESIDENT

## BALANCE SHEET, JANUARY 1, 1904

ASSETS		LIABILITIES	
Government, State, City, County and other Bonds (market value, \$250,140,939), cost value, Dec. 31, 1903. <small>(The Company does not include in its Assets the excess of total market value of Bonds over total cost value.)</small>	\$247,994,383	Policy Reserve (per certificate of New York Insurance Dept.), Dec. 31, 1903.	\$300,090,347
Bonds and Mortgages (455 first liens),	24,531,774	All other Liabilities on Policies, Annuities, Endowments, &c., awaiting presentation for payment,	5,456,654
Deposits in Banks, at interest,	22,126,134	<i>Reserve on Policies which the Company voluntarily sets aside in excess of the State's requirements</i>	\$6,859,193
Loans to Policy-holders on Policies as security (reserve value thereof, \$40,000,000),	28,502,073	<i>Reserve to provide Dividends payable to Policy-holders during 1904 and thereafter, as the periods mature:</i>	
Real Estate, 24 pieces (including twelve office buildings, valued at \$10,990,000),	12,725,000	To holders of 20-Year Period Policies	23,539,923
Loans on Bonds (market value, \$6,522,660),	5,280,000	To holders of 15-Year Period Policies,	6,991,284
Quarterly and Semi-Annual Premiums not yet due, reserve charged in Liabilities,	3,603,777	To holders of 10-Year Period Policies,	477,607
Premium Notes on Policies in force (Legal Reserve to secure same, \$5,000,000),	3,139,284	To holders of 5-Year Period Policies,	375,002
Premiums in transit, reserve charged in Liabilities,	2,563,950	To holders of Annual Dividend Policies,	830,915
Interest and Rents accrued,	2,185,672	<i>Reserve to provide for all other contingencies,</i>	8,031,122
		Total,	47,105,046
Total Assets <small>(No stocks of any kind owned or loaned upon)</small>	\$352,652,047	Total Liabilities,	\$352,652,047

## INCREASE IN ASSETS DURING THE YEAR, \$29,811,147

INCOME, 1903		DISBURSEMENTS, 1903	
New Premiums,	\$16,235,782	Paid for Death-Claims (\$16,860,082), Endowments (\$4,395,941), and Annuities (\$1,686,696),	\$22,852,719
Renewal Premiums,	57,146,392	Paid for Dividends (\$5,339,292) Surrender Values (\$6,412,236) and other Payments (\$65,767) to Policy-holders,	11,817,295
TOTAL PREMIUMS,	\$73,382,174	Commissions and all other payments to agents \$7,164,180 (on New Business of year *\$326,658,236); Medical Examiners' Fees \$748,418, and Inspection of Risks \$164,004,	8,076,601
Interest Receipts from:		Home and Branch Office Expenses, Taxes, Legal Fees, Advertising, Equipment Account, Telegraph, Postage, Commissions on \$1,418,554,663 of Old Business and Miscellaneous Expenditures,	10,136,844
Bonds owned,	\$9,915,238	TOTAL DISBURSEMENTS,	\$52,883,459
Mortgage loans,	1,069,639	Balance for Reserves—Excess of Income over Disbursements for year,	35,386,072
Loans to Policy-holders, secured by Policies,	1,578,488	<i>*The New Business of 1903, which was \$23,860,007 more than that of 1902, was secured at a lower expense rate.</i>	
Bank Deposits and Collateral Loans	806,999	Total Disbursements and Balance for Reserves,	\$88,269,531
TOTAL INTEREST RECEIPTS,	13,370,364		
Rents from Company's properties,	930,947		
Profits realized on Securities sold during the year,	274,454		
Deposits on account of Registered Bond Policies, etc.,	311,592		
Total Cash Income,	\$88,269,531		

New Business Paid for in 1903 (<sup>171,118</sup>Policies), - \$326,658,236  
GAIN IN 1903 (<sup>18,678</sup>Policies) \$23,860,007

Total Paid-for Insurance in force (<sup>812,711</sup>Policies), - \$1,745,212,899  
GAIN IN 1903 (<sup>108,144</sup>Policies) \$191,584,873

For information regarding our Investment and Insurance Policies, communicate with ALBERT MCCLAVE, Inspector of Agencies, 611 Broadway, New York City

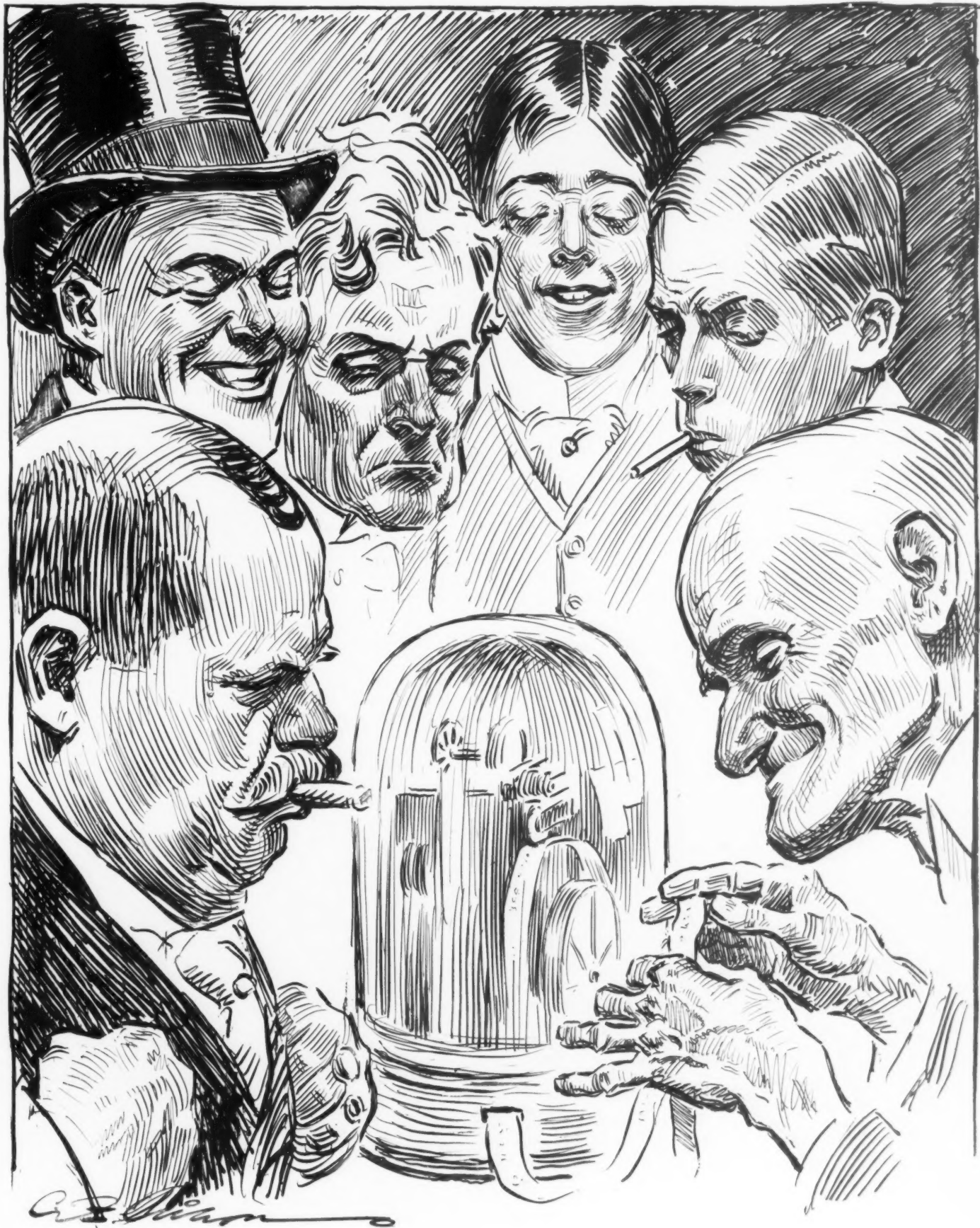


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# COLLIER'S

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1904

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SOME TICKER FACES

DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON



**S**ELDOM DOES A NATION which invites war with such open defiance as Japan gain such widespread sympathy. This sympathy is partly selfish, Russia standing for a check to trade, but it is more the generous impulse of the world, which goes out to the smaller and more honest combatant. The preliminaries have been carried on with the eloquence of a prize-fighter by Japan, and with a sort of sullen reticence by her huge opponent, and yet the world has swung, during the elaborate interchange of defis, distinctly nearer in feeling to Japan. The universal sense of justice has been touched, since the belief is so general that Japan's fight is for her life, and therefore inevitable and just. A sort of straightforward integrity has also won friends. In contrast to Russian wiles and bluffs, Japan has said, as one man, that she meant to have one particular thing, if the effort cost her life. On such grounds the

#### JAPAN'S DEFIANCE

sympathy of statesmen may not be given, but the sympathy of peoples is, and in diplomacy leaders are often driven by the bulk of sentiment in the masses behind. Experts are now busy contradicting one another about the relative abilities of the rival powers, and statesmen are busy studying the interests of their own countries, but the people all over the world observe the situation with disinterested emotion and cheer for the nation which they think has the fairer cause. If actual warfare comes, this moral sympathy may mean little, or it may mean everything. Chance is a mighty power in war and peace, and Japan has at least prepared herself admirably to take whatever favorable chances the future may unfold. A little nation which is backward and deceitful, like the Boers, gains sympathy merely from her littleness. A little nation like Japan, which is remarkable for character and progress, arouses a widespread kindness which may at any moment find an opening for decisive expression. Certainly, if Japan had enjoyed the repute in 1895 which is hers to-day, the powers of Europe would never have forbidden her to take what she deemed hers from China.

**C**ONSEQUENCES OF DISHONESTY in politics are made real when six hundred people are sent to death in flames. It is all very well for Mr. CARTER HARRISON to close Chicago theatres after the catastrophe, but on whom, save him and his administration, rests the blame for the hideous calamity? How many men know just how a theatre is run? We proceed to give a faint idea. It is a common understanding that whatever the Fire Department asks for must be granted. The fireman wants two seats for his family. Delighted, of course. So all the way up through the department until we reach the top. The Fire Commissioner of New York visited one of the most dangerous theatres in the city, for his private pleasure. There was no seat vacant, and the back part of the house was crowded with people standing. Yet the Fire Commissioner must be pleased. A chair, therefore, was put for him in one of the aisles. Naturally, since that theatre was every moment violating the law in more than a dozen separate ways, and

#### THEATRES AND GRAFT

a Fire Commissioner could have closed it immediately on any single violation. An actor is employed, who is a very poor actor indeed, but his salary is enormous. Why, again? Nobody is better acquainted with certain powers in the City Hall. City officials send in a complaint of some illegal doing by a theatre. Who can mollify the administration so cheaply as this actor? No wonder he is worth the salary of an IRVING or a DUSE. Persons who are interested in this department of sociology might study the list of theatres condemned by the new Fire Commissioner in New York, and then study the division of theatres between the Theatrical Syndicate and other people, remembering that a brother of Mr. ERLANGER, of the trust, is a member of the new administration. There is a natural sympathy between owners of playhouses and city officials, big and little, who love to take themselves and their families to the theatre free of charge, and this small and constant "graft" probably causes more kindly disregard of sins against fire and building ordinances than is caused even by the more direct bribery which is practiced by the theatres in the same manner that it is by our other respectable business men.

**S**UPERSTITIONS SURVIVE IN POLITICS as persistently as elsewhere. The notion that WASHINGTON disbelieved in three terms may never cease to infuse with patriotic ardor masses of his loyal countrymen, in spite of the fact that WASHINGTON's opinion was just the opposite. Some papers gravely discuss the facts that no Vice-President was ever elected President, and that no "accidental" President was ever re-elected, as if these precedents had any more bearing on actuality than the color of a sheep's gizzard.

The superstition that is most in evidence at present is one that forbids the Democrats to choose their candidate for President from any but a doubtful State. We call this a superstition, because in the larger part it is. A basis of truth exists, of course, but the superstructure of belief has grown out of all proportion to the foundation. Ordinary politicians get so used to looking upon politics as a game that is played in a definite way with unvarying counters that they seldom give as much weight to general considerations as they do to the smaller facts which they can almost reduce to figures. That is why they are often surprised by some outsider whom they regard as an amateur, and who does not understand their figuring at all. By their rules the President should be a very poor politician. It is somewhat by this over-attention to detail that prejudice against candidates from politically stable States has become so fixed. Mr. OLNEY, for instance—although we have no wish to measure his availability—undoubtedly suffers from his Massachusetts residence more in the eyes of politicians than he would in the eyes of voters; and, conversely, a man like Judge PARKER gains more advance consideration from belonging in a doubtful State than a saner and bolder outlook would warrant. On minute calculations the Republicans must win. If the Democrats are to be ready to take advantage of any favoring circumstances, the man of greatest general strength whom they can find in their party should be the candidate, irrespective of whether he comes from Missouri or New Jersey, from New York or the Republican wilds of Massachusetts.

#### POLITICAL SUPERSTITION

**C**OLONEL BRYAN AND COUNT TOLSTOI, presumably discussing statecraft, literature, farming, and journalism together, lead one of our racy and always diverting Western contemporaries to allege that these two renowned and significant philosophers have "worked the common people to an ornate frazzle." So impressed were we with this observation that we endeavored eagerly to find out its exact dictionary denotation, although about its general drift no doubt could be entertained. Of obscurity such dialect of the plains is seldom guilty, but its originality occasionally causes in conventional readers a certain tremor of uncertainty about its precise scope of allegation. Ornate means ornamented to a high degree, artistically florid, but frazzle has thus far been able to elude the dictionaries. The general idea, however, is that, as a garment too much worn acquires elaborate strings and irregularities along its edge, giving it a look of sumptuous destitution, so the common people, as a public issue, have been worn into picturesque decay. "Frazzle" we take to be the noun derived from the verb "to fray," but whatever its origin its application to TOLSTOI and to BRYAN is not the same. In Russia the people are oppressed and helpless, and limited classes rule. In this country there is no such division. We are all of us the common people, and therefore there is a certain artificiality in making use of terms which imply a greater difference of opportunity than actually exists. It is hardly fair to Tolstoi to bunch him and Mr. BRYAN in this regard. As the condition of the "common people" is the fundamental problem in Russia, it naturally calls out a great man's devotion. In the United States the phrase and the idea, having less in them, are much less constantly available. The swing of the Democracy at present is in the opposite direction, in the hope of representing safety in contrast to the President's sometimes boyish pugnacity and baseless confidence in himself. Senator PLATT, with amusing naiveté of phrase, warns his party that the opposition has become "sane and dangerous." Judge PARKER and Mr. CLEVELAND unite in suggesting to young Mr. McCLELLAN that the hope of the national Democracy lies largely in such behavior by Tammany as shall win the confidence of solid and independent citizens. It is sufficiently clear that in the approaching contest neither party will take any position needing those radical arguments which are now in a state of ornate frazzle.

#### AN ORNATE FRAZZLE

**T**WO NOTABLE CONTRIBUTIONS, within a month of each other, to the celebration of canine virtues, by two of the world's leading authors, illustrate again the conspicuous place held by animals in the literature of to-day. This literary movement has been burlesqued and laughed at, and naturalists and pseudo-naturalists have made it the basis of quarrels, but it is natural, nevertheless, and likely to endure, because two large currents of our thought combine to produce it—humanitarian feeling and science. The nineteenth century saw this scientific interest overrun the civilized world, and it also saw practically the birth of the conception that just and kindly treatment of animals was almost as much a duty as the proper treatment of our fellow men—a conception





which was an almost inevitable corollary of the more humane attitude toward life in general. Undoubtedly this softening of our hearts toward the beasts has some mawkish consequences—none more distressing than the pathetic sentimentality with which some women, especially the childless, address their dogs in language which parents use to children. At one point the two forces of science and humane sympathy come in conflict—on the question of vivisection—and at that point a few of the best people are against the general trend of enlightened opinion. Here is where MARK TWAIN made his contribution, in one of the strongest stories he has written, and it is among the most powerful weapons furnished to the anti-vivisectionists. MAETERLINCK's celebration of

#### ANIMAL LITERATURE

dog nature, which followed a month later, is a truly beautiful essay by a man whose criticism will perhaps stand finally above his plays. There is not too much real literature around, and if we find the first of living American writers and one of the foremost Europeans inspired almost coincidentally to their best vein by sympathy with the dog, it shows how actively the imagination of men of talent to-day is engaged in conceiving and sympathizing with the conditions and feelings not only of the poorest of their own species, but with the still dumber and more helpless animals below. We no longer believe literally that:

"The poor beetle that we tread upon  
In corporal sufferance feels a pang as great  
As when a giant dies."

We know that he suffers infinitely less, but we wish to save him every wanton injury, although we often sacrifice him, and higher animals, to reduce the misery of man.

ON THE CREDIT SIDE of 1903 is to be entered a decrease in lynching, numerically, although there seemed in the earlier months to be a tendency toward greater barbarity. In 1882 there were two hundred, and but ten less the succeeding year, the reduction being small and almost constant, 1902, with ninety-six, reaching the low-water mark for the ten years. Nineteen hundred and three will apparently, when the exact figures are accessible, fall considerably below 1902. This improvement comes as a surprise, as most of us looked upon 1903 as a lynching year, not only because of the burnings, which rendered the crimes of the mob so horrible, but partly also because of the constantly increasing public attention to this question, which causes each case to assume a larger aspect. Last year also saw incidents which lent a general dramatic interest to the theme, such as the performances of Governor DUBBIN and various others, the President's letter, the ironic comment of European writers and cartoonists, contrasting our lynchings with our Kishineff petition and general foreign sanctity of tone, and the political aspects of the negro problem in general, which were kept peculiarly alive by Presidential appointments, the Mississippi election, peonage discoveries, and the schemes of certain politicians. In 1904 we may hope for a much lower number of lynchings and a much decreased agitation. The people are tired of the mob's barbarities, ashamed of cowardly sheriffs and governors, and this public opinion will probably have its effect. Political efforts to bring the negro question to the front, by attempted legislation or in party platforms, have almost certainly failed. LECKY said that more errors die of indifference than of controversy. Many evils die in the reaction which follows controversy, and among these may well be the habit of mob "justice."

#### SOME HAPPY STATISTICS

LORD ROSEBERY, IN HIS PLAYFUL WAY, admits that he watches Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's "campaign of education" with "good-humored and conscientious envy." CHAMBERLAIN, to the mind of the Liberal earl, is a magic piper, whose first notes set the press of England hopping and skipping obediently about him. He shakes the old papers out of the habits formed in an early frenzy for free trade. He stirs middle-aged and puffy papers into juvenile activity. He captures the youthful yellows with their enormous circulations. He causes even the press of faithful Edinburgh to turn and rend the popular Scottish earl. No wonder Lord ROSEBERY, with the genial frankness that comes of culture and oratorical skill, envies the power which has, since the first of May, converted the most important newspapers of Great Britain from wakeful or somnolent free trade to active support of retaliatory and unifying protective duties. Lord ROSEBERY, with frankness still more refreshing, says he can hardly imagine that so preponderant a press opinion should fail of great weight among the people, although he still keeps his mind open about the actual reconversion of the people back to a principle which they had so

#### ROSEBERY ON CHAMBERLAIN

thoroughly condemned. One point, moreover, is omitted by him and by the journals which support him. The "Spectator," for example, remarks that the press is not the omnipotent engine which Lord ROSEBERY's language implies, and is without great influence when it opposes the fixed opinions of the people. Such an answer ignores the patent probability that arguments which can so rapidly convert the newspapers are likely to convert the voters also, as they listen to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and his lieutenants. The former Colonial Secretary is the largest specimen of native political ability now extant, and observers of all shades of tariff faith must admire the splendid fight which this bold and convinced statesman is waging by his own choice.

PIERPONT MORGAN'S EPIGRAMS, or those which are attributed to him, gain weight from his importance. Now comes the dictum that never in history has money been less "bunched" than it is at present. Following so closely upon demonstrations that a few men controlled the most extensive enterprises, and hence largely the course of American industry, Mr. MORGAN's opinion arouses question. The complaint that money was concentrated and too powerful for justice or the greatest welfare has always existed. No private individual ever controlled as much industry, probably, as JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, but, on the other hand, what he can do with his money is as nothing compared with what CRASSUS could do with his in Rome. Here is where Mr. MORGAN's aphorism shows its truth. Wealth has increased immeasurably, and the ordinary citizen now has enough to give him privileges which make him forceful. When it is said that, although wealth has become more distributed, control is becoming more central, some juggling is performed with the word control. Control tends every day to become less absolute; it tends more toward mere influence. Mr. MORGAN's own career illuminates this distinction. His power rises and falls with his use of it and with popular censure or approval. The masses have more wealth than they ever had, absolutely and in proportion to the whole, and this ownership protects them in the long run, even if the management in ordinary circumstances remains with a few. Executive control may be "bunched," more and more, but as that control remains finally subject to the multitude of owners, industrial liberty has, in a sense, actually increased. Moreover, such movements as creating the new Department of Commerce and pressing the SHERMAN Law, in moderation, show a decided tendency to keep the might of concentrated wealth within limits. Neither money nor any other kind of power is now very dangerously "bunched."

#### BUNCHES OF MONEY

LORD SALISBURY'S MASTERPIECE in irony was the appointment of ALFRED AUSTIN. Sometimes the Poet-Laureate is still, and we forget, but anon comes his bantam crow, and our natural optimism flickers, and almost dies. His latest eruption covers Russia and Japan, especially the "Muscovite legions tramping on, doing the will of the Tsar." It is AUSTIN ON RUSSIA at his best, and we are almost afraid some of our readers will mistake it for poetry. This is the way his imagination seizes upon the picture:

"Lovers, husbands, like you, like me, torn from their homes afar,  
Marching, marching, onward and on, doing the will of the Tsar;  
Past slinking and snarling, white-fanged sloth, through limitless leagues of snow,  
Moon after moon of monotonous months till the blue-eyed scilla's blow,  
And the cold-sleeping rivers yawn and wake and mightily flush and flow;  
Peasant mother and maiden left at their desolate doors ajar,  
While their sons and lovers march warward, deathward, doing the will of the Tsar."

Such infirm doggerel is the official poetry of England, land of CHAUCER, SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, SHELLEY, KEATS, and WORDSWORTH; the land, even to-day, of some real poetry, of SWINBURNE, KIPLING, and STEPHEN PHILLIPS. After reading this debile imitation, we turned back, for refreshment, to KIPLING's virile onslaught on the Bear. AUSTIN, like KIPLING, finds his hope in Britain, and thus he sings it:

"For British sentinels stand erect at the fortress gates of the world,  
And the British flag is on every sea with its splendid symbol unfurled,  
And the Lord of Right still sits on His throne, still wields His sceptre and rod,  
And the winds and the waves and the years move on doing the will of God."

ALFRED AUSTIN's impotence fills us with distress which, since we assume to strive particularly for broad philosophy and kindly tolerance, is to our discredit. We must take it with a lighter spirit. It is as much like poetry as tinfoil is like silver. We violate no confidence, and give Mr. AUSTIN no ground for an action in libel, when we quote what CICERO said of a certain individual, that he was a man upon whom only a philosopher could look without a groan.



## FUNERAL CEREMONIES OF A BUDDHIST PRIMATE

The last rites in honor of the late Archbishop of Burma, held at Mandalay, took the form of a popular celebration extending over many days. The high priest's body was reduced to ashes, before the public gaze, in an open crematorium over a fire of sandalwood strips and spirits of wine. The photograph shows the great artificial white elephant, with its gorgeous litter containing the archiepiscopal remains, that was wheeled through the Matha grounds





# SEVEN DAYS

THE STORY OF THE WEEK



In anticipation of war between Russia and Japan, Collier's has made the fullest preparations to cover completely the progress of events in the Far East. Frederick Palmer, our war correspondent, whose work in China and the Philippines must still be fresh in the memory of our readers, sailed from San Francisco for Japan, January 7. With him were three photographers, James H. Hare, Horace Ashton, and Robert L. Dunn, all of whom will go to the front either with the Japanese army or navy. In addition we already have a photographer with the main Japanese fleet, and a native photographer at Yokohama, who will go with the first military expedition leaving Japan. Collier's is represented in Tokio by an American resident journalist. At Hong Kong we have Mr. J. F. J. Archibald, who acted as our correspondent in Venezuela in 1903. From Paris we have sent, under the direction of V. Gribyedoff, an experienced French photographer who will follow the Russian armies. As soon as hostilities actually begin, Mr. Richard Harding Davis will start for the front and follow the fortunes of the Japanese, representing, as do all the other correspondents mentioned, Collier's Weekly exclusively.

## THE FOUR-CORNERED FIGHT FOR STATEHOOD

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

IT WAS the proud boast of the late John J. Ingalls, before Kansas audiences, that he had voted, as a United States Senator, upon the admission to the American Union of nine sovereign States. Ingalls was a Senator from the early seventies until the first of the nineties. Most of the States which he voted upon came in with the big land boom in the West—the boom of the eighties. The records of the Congress do not show that there was much discussion among the law-makers about the admission of these States. They were at the time thought to be Republican States, and they entered the Union casually and almost tritely, to offset the votes of the solid South in the Electoral College and in the United States Senate. The party in power admitted these States with little thought of the far-reaching effect the new States might have upon the destiny of the Union, and the people applauded at the ballot-box when the party in power pointed with pride in its platform at what it had done. Public sentiment in those days was in favor of "gittin' all the land jinin'," and the admission of the new States was looked upon as a good real estate deal.

If anything is needed to show the marked progress public sentiment has made in America toward sane discussion of what may be called impersonal problems, one may compare the earnest consideration which the people are giving to the subject of the admission of the four Territories in the Southwest with the consideration given to the admission of the States in the eighties. The debate on the admission of the Territories of Oklahoma, Indian Territory, New Mexico, and Arizona, at the last regular session of the Congress, was one of the longest and most illuminating in the history of the United States Senate. This debate, like most modern discussions in legislative halls, was rambling and somewhat formless, yet it will be read by future historians as a marvel of erudition upon constitutional law and the basic principles of government.

### Conservative Views of the Press

The Statehood question was handled by the American newspapers in a way most unusual for newspapers to discuss any subject. Barring the few screaming and impossible journals, the newspapers—which were about evenly divided on the subject—discussed the question without passion, without bitterness, and with much information and sense. It was charged, and is probably true, that the refusal of the Senate to act favorably upon the Statehood bill was due not to the real merits of the question, but to the determination of the Eastern Senatorial clique not to give over control of the Senate to the West. This feature of the subject did not inject venom or rancor into the discussion. The people stuck to the text, no sectional feeling was aroused, and the bill died in the Senate after a winter-long tussle, without arousing a personal animosity in the whole of Congress, and without a harsh word in the American newspapers, East or West, Republican or Democratic.

The discussion has begun again with the new session of Congress. It promises to resume the same peaceful normal channels which it traversed last winter and spring. But the question has a new form now. Unexpectedly the champions of Statehood for the four Territories have appeared before the nation with a compromise proposition. It is this: Two States instead of four. The discussion now occurs upon the question: Shall we admit two, three, or four States? It is conceded that we must admit the Territories to Statehood. The details to settle now are as to how, and when, and how many. Even in the Territories themselves this discussion is going on. In Oklahoma and the Indian Territory the sentiment for single

Statehood and for double Statehood may not be evenly divided; yet each side claims a majority for its project. In Arizona and New Mexico they claim that the Arizona would be satisfied with one State for the two Territories, and that New Mexico will not consent. But the joint majority of the two Territories, for or against the single Statehood bill, would not be overwhelming. If the bill should become a law admitting two States into the Union, covering the four Territories, in a week all hard feelings would subside, and the people of both States be so intent on capturing the offices at the first general election that they would forget their former alignments and unite in a common cause.

### A Problem in Political Mathematics

The likelihood that the four Territories will come into the Union as two States is so strong that it may be well to consider some similarities that exist between the two prospective commonwealths. To begin with, the problem should be set down this way: Arizona is to New Mexico as Indian Territory is to Oklahoma. New Mexico and Oklahoma are naturally Republican communities. They were settled by Yankees: Okla-

too often to suit the Republican majority in the Senate. And what is worse, New Mexicans fear that Arizona would hold the balance of power in a union of the two Territories into one State. Oklahoma Republicans fear that they would lose their political supremacy in a consolidation. For Oklahoma is narrowly Republican, and the Indian Territory is overwhelmingly Democratic. That is the politics of the situation.

The ethics of the case are found considering the area and population of these two plaintiff commonwealths. The matter of size of a State makes little difference now: the prevalence of the telephone and the railroad and the telegraph has almost annihilated distance as a business consideration. Oklahoma and the Indian Territory combined would make a State of 70,000 square miles; that statement means little to the average reader. A State of 70,000 square miles is a little larger than Iowa, Arkansas, or Missouri, and somewhat smaller than the average trans-Mississippi State—much smaller than California, but much larger than the Atlantic seaboard States, and larger than the average State in the Ohio watershed. As a piece of sheer topographical carving the State of India-ok or Oklahoma wouldn't be a bad job by half. New Mexico and Arizona combined would be, however, two big, full bites at the cherry. A transcontinental train pounding along at a good steady gait may take breakfast at Raton, near the eastern border of New Mexico, and go all that day and all that night and all the next day till supper time and eat a late supper at Needles just across the western line of Arizona. The time consumed is a little more than that required to go from the Missouri River to New York City or Boston! The distance between the two largest towns in the Territories, Albuquerque and Phoenix, computed by railway hours, is about that required to travel from Chicago to Philadelphia. The two Territories united would make a State of the California, Montana, and Texas class.

### Arguments in Favor of One State

When irrigation has developed its agriculture, and capital has developed its great mines, the control of the domestic commerce of such an industrial empire would be a serious problem in economics. And yet the mere size of the proposed State upon the map should not be a barrier to combined Statehood. For a generation, and perhaps for many generations, much of the area of the two Territories must be desert. And economy of management of official business must weigh against the objection of mere bulk, for the number of taxpayers in the new State, great as it would be in square miles, will be for many years smaller than the number found in older though much smaller States. The geography furnishes no moral reason why the two States should or should not include the four Territories. It is only when one considers the populations of these petitioning communities that the ethical question of Statehood comes into the case. And, as usual, the case is like that of the old Welsh woman who heard for the first time the Biblical story of the quarrel between Jehovah and Satan, and remarked in condoning charity that it was a sad business, and probably there was a little wrong on both sides. The population of Oklahoma is white and highly literate. But the Indian Territory contains, in addition to the whites and many illiterate Southern negroes, the bulk of the Indian population of the United States. This Indian population has shown itself to be so grossly incompetent to govern itself that Congress has taken away much of the liberty once extended to the Indians and has placed them under Federal laws. In many sections the Indians dominate. Some of the Indians are to-day citizens of the United States by the treaties which brought the land they



THOMAS B. FERGUSON  
Governor of the Territory of Oklahoma

homa's corn and wheat and meat-cattle are products that make men vote for a high-tariff party. In New Mexico the great staple is wool. Southerners came from Arkansas and Texas into the Indian Territory and brought Southern traditions into that community, and the Kansas man or Iowa man is as much on the defensive there as he would be in Europe. Cotton, which is the greatest single staple of Oklahoma, is the dominant article of commerce in the Territory, and cotton has been quarreling with the tariff for half a century. In Arizona, by some freak of fate, probably because of climatic conditions, the Southern people came and controlled. The Territory goes Democratic

once owned under American domain. The Government control over the Cheyennes, for instance, is purely one of arbitrary force. It is without warrant of law. To put local self-government into the hands of these Indians, as must be done if the Indian Territory is made part of a State, means unspeakable corruption in local affairs and a return of a régime that once had to be abandoned. In the Territories of the great Southwest, the Indian problem comes in again; here the Pueblo Indians have been declared citizens by the courts of New Mexico, and the decision has been sustained in the higher Federal courts. These Indians may vote if they choose, and with the departure of Federal authority from the Territory, it is likely that the Indians would wake up to their rights, and abuse them most grotesquely, to the disgrace of the country. And in addition to the Indians, the State of the Southwest would have the Mexican to deal with. The Mexican is not, however, as bad as he is painted. He is generally a landholder and a taxpayer. He is a money-saver, as the bank deposits of the two Territories will show, and while he doesn't like our haberdashery and delights to get up a religious procession and take the image of the Blessed Virgin out and duck it in a pond when the drouth becomes too protracted, still Mr. Mexican is a better all-around citizen than are many of the gentlemen grafting in Tammany Hall at this very minute in their white collars and plug hats.

#### The Mexican's Qualifications

The Mexican has the Celtic love for public honor. He regards the jury as a public office, and sits in the jury-box with more dignity and more sincerity in doing his honest duty than does the Yankee of the Mexican's social class. About the worst thing against the Mexican is that he insists on speaking his native tongue. That in the English hearing ear is the unpardonable sin. And the Mexican is guilty and shameless. In that much he is "an alien people," though he lined up with the Union cause and fought and won in a New Mexican canyon what Lord Wolseley has thought wise to call one of the ten decisive battles of the civil war. If government is force, Mr. Mexican is fit for government.

Those are the problems before us as Americans. We must solve them very soon. Probably what we will do is to compromise on the matter, getting much that is good and a little that is bad in the bargain, and trusting to Providence and the good sense of the American people to straighten the matter out, and make the gray of the wrong come out white in the wash.

#### THE GRIP OF "OLD-FASHIONED WINTER"

The coldest week in thirty years cripples traffic and causes suffering and death in many States

THE weather has been a more important news topic to the United States than the Eastern crisis. A week of Arctic winter swept across the country, with a fury almost unprecedented for severity of cold along the Atlantic seaboard. Temperatures of from twenty to forty degrees below zero were reported from Minnesota to Maine. A heavy snowfall, unusual with such bitter cold, caused much added suffering and inconvenience. Railroad schedules were thrown hopelessly askew in the East, caught unready for such extremity of weather. Engines could not make steam, switches were clogged and frozen. Large systems, like the New York, New Haven & Hartford, between New York and Boston, confessed themselves beaten and abandoned regular schedules. Trains were ten hours late in a six-hour run. Four railroad wrecks in one day were caused by the blinding storm and failure of signal systems. The New York Fire Department was worn out, responding to sixty-three alarms in one day, mostly due to overheated stoves and chimneys. The weather records show no such continual severity in thirty years. The West, better prepared for tumbling temperatures, was not so seriously discommoded. But the first week of January, 1904, will be long remembered in the Atlantic States as a paralyzing shock to traffic and industry. More than forty deaths by freezing were reported, but the immense suffering of last winter was prevented by the plentiful supply and comparatively reasonable cost of coal. Such a "cold wave" as this during the great coal strike and famine would have left a ghastly trail of suffering and death in Eastern cities wholly dependent on anthracite for keeping warm.

#### THE NEW ARMY CHIEF

More than forty years of hard service have carried General Chaffee from the ranks to the head of the army

"I AM ordered to go to the relief of the United States Legation at Peking. I leave with my troops for that city at once. If the allied troops do not move, I will go alone with my United States soldiers."

So said General Adna R. Chaffee, the new chief of staff of the regular army, when Russia, France, and Germany were squabbling at Tientsin, over questions

of precedence. General Chaffee made a speech to the other commanders. It was brief and brusque, and it carried the day. The allied column moved on to Peking in a rush rather than a march. A few months later, Chaffee wrote a note to Von Waldersee, nominal com-

tain until 1867, and then for twenty-one years he stuck as troop commander of Company I, of the famous Sixth Cavalry, campaigning against Indians from the Mexican border to the Canada line. He is to-day the simple, kindly, square-jawed soldier that buckled on

a sabre as a private of the old Sixth in '61. Lieutenant-General Young, retiring chief of staff, has also forty-three years of straight service distinguished by brevets for "gallant and meritorious services in the Civil War," in which he rose from the volunteer ranks to a colonelcy. He was slow rising in the regular service, which he entered as a second lieutenant of infantry in 1866. He was shifted to the cavalry, and put in seventeen years as a captain. The Spanish war was his opportunity also, and as brigade commander with Shafter, and in the Philippines, and Military Governor in Luzon, he crowded into five years the activities which had been training for big responsibilities through a generation of the solid yet inconspicuous service of the finest type of soldier.

#### LONGSTREET AT GETTYSBURG

The dead Confederate leader was the storm centre of a historic controversy which involved R. E. Lee

THE last of the ranking lieutenant-generals of the Confederacy is dead at eighty-three. He went down fighting death as bravely as he fought at Chapultepec, Churubusco, Bull Run, and Gettysburg. General James Longstreet, "Old Pete" his soldiers called him, was one of the great fighting leaders of the Lost Cause. His services were brilliant, and swung crises at both Bull Run battles. Over the history of Gettysburg hangs a fog of discussion of the responsibility for Lee's defeat. Longstreet has been blamed for it.

The issue was not raised until after the death of Robert E. Lee, by some of his commanders and staff officers. Longstreet, in defending himself against their charges, attacked the generalship of Lee at Gettysburg, and laid the disaster on the leader's shoulders. The dispute died for lack of fuel, until revived several years ago by the publication of Longstreet's "Memoirs," which amplified his charges, and said that Lee had confessed his strategic blunder in not following Longstreet's plans.

Fitzhugh Lee was quick to take up the defence of his uncle, and went over the battlefield to gather information to amplify the vindication already set forth in his "Life of Robert E. Lee." For a time the warring opinions flashed hot, but the ashes will be buried with those of Longstreet. The champions of Robert E. Lee have insisted that Longstreet failed to attack with two divisions when ordered, and to support his commander at a critical time, and that he should have followed up Pickett's charge with the assault of a whole corps. Lee expected to hurl nearly half his army upon an enemy cut in two by this onslaught, and roll up the wings. Longstreet claimed that such orders as these were not given him, and that he foresaw the desperate and hopeless end of Pickett's charge, but his objections were overruled.

The most impressive fact in this famous dispute is that not a word of it was heard in the lifetime of Robert E. Lee. His splendid magnanimity had no room for blame of others. Not a word of criticism of Longstreet ever passed his lips. The acceptance by Longstreet of Federal office under Republican administrations influenced the attacks on his career as a soldier. His widow has said:

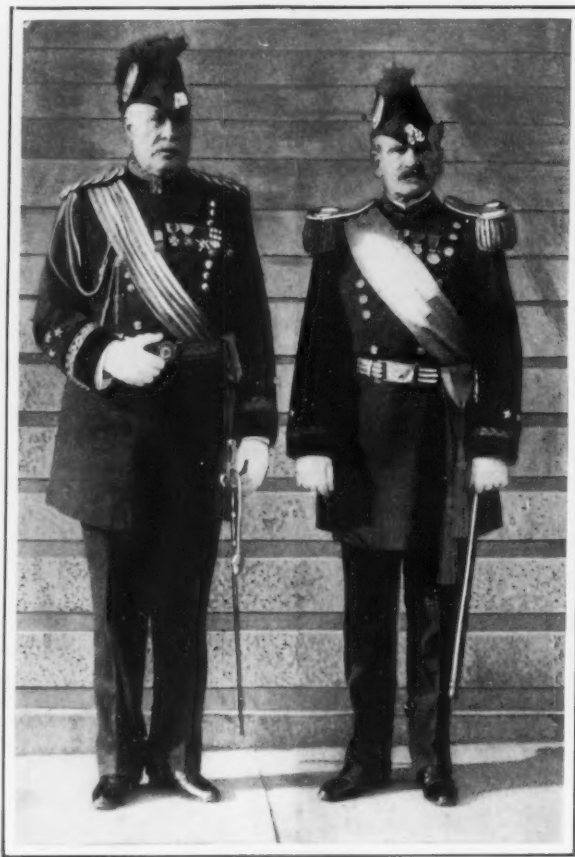
"He was a soldier. He never cast a ballot before the Civil War. He had no politics. When the war was over, he quietly accepted the results, fraternizing with all Americans. It was no great crime. But the circumstances favored the conspiracy to make Longstreet the long-desired scapegoat for Gettysburg. Much of the partisan rancor which once pursued him has died out. Of him I would say, as his evening hours drew near, that his unmatched courage to meet his enemies in time of peace outshines the valor of the fields whereon his blood flowed so freely for his cause."

#### NEW YORK IN THE PRESIDENTIAL CONTEST

Despite protestations of harmony, the Platt-Odell fight threatens full Republican success in the Empire State

NEW YORK, most important of "doubtful States," will be a party and factional storm centre in the coming Presidential campaign. Democracy has a new stimulus in the rise of Charles F. Murphy, the Tammany leader, by force of sensational ability to handle the most complex political machinery. David B. Hill is overshadowed. The party will fight a Republican organization torn by a struggle between an old man with an old machine behind him, and a young man with the vigor and skill to construct a machine of his own. The factional fight for leadership has a national interest at this time.

Senator Thomas C. Platt is past seventy. When he sits through a long dinner his body droops with physical weariness, and he becomes childishly petulant. Benjamin B. Odell, Jr., Governor since 1900, is fifty.



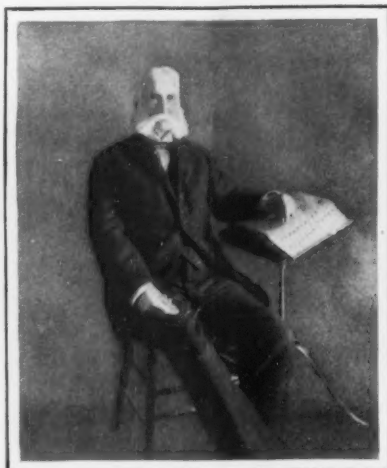
LIEUT.-GEN. S. B. M. YOUNG AND LIEUT.-GEN. ADNA R. CHAFFEE

The retirement of Gen. Young as Chief of Staff of the U. S. Army on Jan. 9, after forty-three years of service, gave place, as his successor, to Gen. Chaffee

mander of the allies, protesting against German looting of the historical astronomical instruments made by Jesuit priests for the Chinese Emperor centuries ago. Von Waldersee was ruffled, and replied that Chaffee would better mind his own business. The American general was backed up by his Government, and the incident failed to disturb him.

General Wilson was sent to China to play the diplomat. It was feared that the hard-bitted fighting man would be unequal to the complex situation. Chaffee handled his relations with the allies with remarkable tact and ability. He made the American army respected and admired by the Chinese. Then he went to Manila as Military Governor, and showed himself equal to new responsibilities. He went to the Orient a colonel of regulars, he came back a major-general. It was a big step in promotion for services rendered. He had won his rank as Major-General of Volunteers in Cuba. At El Caney Chaffee fought the fiercest engagement of the campaign, in which the Spanish defence had almost to be wiped out before it was broken.

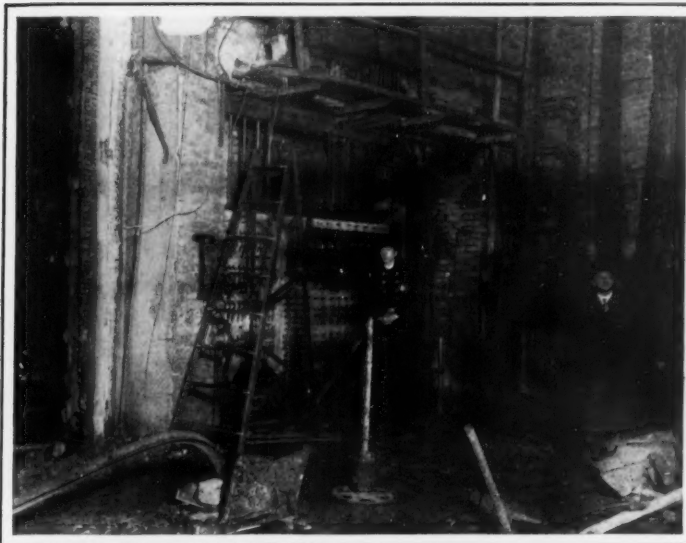
The new chief of staff was a cavalry private forty-three years ago. No "rookie" of regulars ever rose to the command of the army before. It is a career of duty done as he found it. He did not become a cap-



GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET

The last of the lieutenant-generals of the Confederate Army, who died on Jan. 2, aged 83. He was one of the most conspicuous figures in the War of the Rebellion





Electric switchboard on the Iroquois stage. The fire started from the little platform shown at the top of the photograph, and leaped to the adjoining borders and scenery



Members of the "Mr. Bluebeard" chorus. The actors escaped because the asbestos curtain failed to drop, the same cause which cost the lives of six hundred of the audience

#### INVESTIGATION OF THE IROQUOIS THEATRE FIRE, CHICAGO

He was Chairman of the Republican State Committee before Platt put him forward as a candidate for Governor to succeed Theodore Roosevelt, who, it was believed, had been sidetracked politically by Platt when he was made his party's candidate for Vice-President.

Nearly two years ago, when the Republican State Convention met at Saratoga, there was perfect agreement as to Governor Odell's renomination, but a sharp difference of opinion arose as to the candidate to succeed Timothy L. Woodruff. Platt put forward the name of George R. Sheldon, a New York City man, well known as a trust promoter. Odell objected to him on the ground that up-State Republicans would not vote for a Wall Street candidate. On his threatening to withdraw unless Platt's candidate was dropped, Odell had his way. At the election in November, 1902, Odell's plurality in the State was only 8,803. Greater New York gave Bird S. Coler, the Democratic candidate, a plurality of nearly 120,000, in sharp contrast to a Democratic majority two years before of 28,000, and a victory for Mayor Low (a Republican, though the nominee of the Fusion forces) only a year before. "It was Platt's deal with Tammany to beat Odell, to punish him for his rebellion at Saratoga," said the old leader's enemies.

#### Rise of the Odell Faction

Soon after his election Governor Odell criticised sharply the Republican organization of New York City, intimating that a "reorganization" was needed. Platt and his friends took the Governor's words as a challenge of their faithfulness, and defied Odell to shake the old leader's influence. Last year in the State Legislature appeared three "insurgent" Senators to thwart, in combination with the Democrats, some of the "Old Man's" plans. An active Odell faction has grown steadily since. In November of last year President Roosevelt called Odell to Washington to discuss with himself and Senator Platt the question of leadership. It was agreed, according to general understanding, that Platt should remain the nominal leader, while Odell took up the active duties of the position. In December the Republican County Committee replaced Mr. Linn Bruce as Chairman, by Charles



This door, one of the gallery exits at the Iroquois Theatre, and its surroundings are very badly charred, except in the jamb. Here the uninjured condition shows conclusively that this exit was closed and locked during the panic

H. Murray, leader of the notorious Eighth ("de ate") Assembly District, a Quarantine Commissioner appointed by Governor Odell. And it is believed that Col. George W. Dunn, a Platt man, will not be chosen to succeed himself as Chairman of the Republican State Committee when it meets in the spring to select delegates to the Republican National Convention at Chicago.

But the senior Senator from New York is reluctant to yield his long-held sceptre. He has been calling his old supporters to "Sunday-school" (as the old Fifth Avenue Hotel conferences have been dubbed) to help him outline the party's policy in the pending State and national campaign. There has been no open declaration of war between the old and new leaders, but Tammany and the State Democracy are remarkably cheerful when the statement is made that "perfect harmony exists between Senator Platt and Governor Odell."

#### COSTLY LESSONS OF THE CHICAGO FIRE

Both at home and abroad, a crusade to protect life in theatres has been sweepingly aroused

THE horror of six hundred dead at the Iroquois Theatre in Chicago frightened municipal authorities, theatrical managers, and the public throughout America and Europe. While men were groping through a dozen morgues to find the bodies of their wives and children, investigations were everywhere under way and unheeded laws being enforced. In Chicago fifteen thousand people have been affected in their daily work. Mayor Harrison closed seventeen theatres and scores of public halls until they were able to meet the letter of the present laws, and planned conferences with committees of architects and city officials to suggest betterments in the present regulations.

Meantime other cities began immediately to examine their theatres. One theatrical manager in New York, found asleep in his office three days after the Chicago fire, excused himself by saying that it was practically the first rest he had had since the news of the disaster came. A careful investigation in New York caused the stationing of two firemen instead of one at some of the theatres. Many tests were made of asbestos curtains, which are often merely thin layers of asbestos backed by burlap. A Pittsburg manager proved the value of the nightly use of all the exits by emptying his theatre in two and one-half minutes without hurrying the audience.

One Milwaukee company received in one day orders from Chicago for eighteen asbestos curtains, and from



The Japanese Quarter, the modern section of the city



Bridge on the main highway into the town

SCENES IN FUSAN, THE KOREAN PORT WHICH JAPAN PARTICULARLY COVETS



Major Swift's Mounted Battalion on a practice march



Types of the troopers of the command

#### THE PORTO RICAN REGIMENT WHICH MAY SEE SERVICE IN PANAMA

This command of two battalions, one of infantry, the other mounted, has been made a part of the Regular Army. Its commissioned officers are Americans, the non-commissioned staff and ranks are native Porto Ricans, who make first-class soldiers, and who would be an effective force in a tropical campaign

Milwaukee for four. In many theatres the asbestos curtains were raised and lowered between acts, as well as before and after performances. In England, where special precautions such as wet blankets and bucket brigades and means for cutting away ropes are required on the stage, and in Germany, where literally lines of firemen instead of a single member of the force are on the stage for every performance, there is talk of stricter legislation.

Architects and managers have made many new suggestions for greater safety in theatre construction and the production of plays. The necessity of a fireproof curtain, either of metal or of asbestos composition, containing a large enough percentage of asbestos to withstand fire, seems obvious, for in nearly every theatre fire starts on the stage. Fireproof scenery canvas, painted with fireproof paint and hung on metal frames, automatic sprinklers which work as soon as the surrounding temperature reaches a certain height, overhead tanks and automatic hose, will be demanded by the public hereafter. The regular use of all the exits can no longer be neglected. But with all precautions there will remain the almost insuperable difficulty of handling a panic in a crowded theatre.

#### PANAMA AND THE PORTO RICAN REGIMENT

Although at the present time quiet reigns in the Isthmus, the United States is preparing to send a military force

DAILY reports of "perfect quiet; no news" from Panama have been varied with the President's special message to Congress, reports of Colombian activity on the frontier, and increased preparation by the United States for the prevention of war. President Roosevelt ignored the arguments submitted by General Reyes, in behalf of Colombia, and focused the issue in the statement that the present problem was not one of recognition of Panama, but of ratifying the Panama treaty and of building the canal, failure to do which would not restore Panama to Colombia.

In Mississippi and in other Southern States, commercial organizations have passed resolutions in favor of the treaty. The attitude of the new Panama company regarding the offer of the United States for the property was shown by its exclusion of the Colombian representative from its meeting.

The activity on the frontier has been confined to the Colombian camp at Jitumati, and to the movements of the Indian chief, Inaiguina, who has been an officer in the Colombian army, and who is believed to be ready to serve Colombia. He has a force of about three thousand Indians armed with shotguns and a few rifles. American army transports, field guns, and supplies of all kinds are being made ready for immediate use in case of need.

It is reported that the Porto Rican regiment may be sent to Panama. This regiment, made up of one battalion of foot and one of mounted infantry, was formed in Porto Rico shortly after the island became a part of the United States. It was originally a volunteer organization. All its officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, were Americans, a number of whom, like Colonel Buchanan, the commander of the regiment, and Major Swift, who led the mounted battalion, were taken from the regular army. The original purpose was to interest the Porto Ricans and to make them feel in this as in other ways a part of their new country. Under rigid discipline and the routine of daily drills, regulated exercise and living, and compulsory cleanliness they were soon capable soldiers in splendid physical condition. The men took pride in their regiment and in themselves.

Everybody rides horseback in Porto Rico, but no one rode as the troopers in the mounted battalion rode after a few months of Major Swift's rule. Later the regiment was made a part of the regular army, and was called the Provisional Regiment of Porto Rico, with enlistments for three years. Its commissioned officers are still from the United States Army, but no more appointments can be made from civil life. A

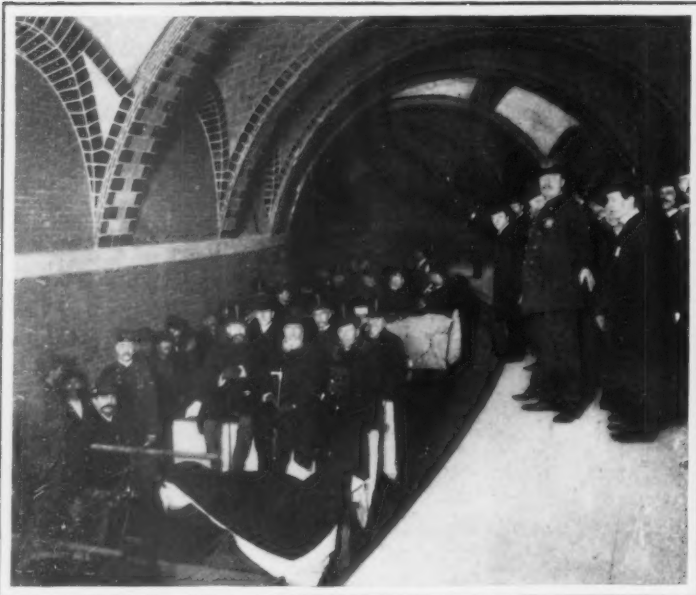
few first sergeants are also Americans, but a large percentage of the non-commissioned staff are native Porto Ricans promoted from the line. One battalion is stationed at San Juan and the other at Cayey, in the tobacco country. The unmounted battalion came to Washington to march in President McKinley's second inaugural procession, and was complimented by old army men.

#### TEN MILLIONS' WORTH OF INFORMATION

The first year's report of the Carnegie Institute shows valuable activity in many fields of modern research

WHEN Andrew Carnegie interrupted his succession of library foundations to give away ten million dollars "for promoting original research in science, literature, and art," he hoped to accomplish two things. One was to give special opportunity to the exceptional men in these fields. The other was to provide means for carrying on work which needed to be done but which no existing institution had undertaken. In its first year, it was hardly to be hoped that the Carnegie Institute would bring to light new scientists in any number or startling discoveries in the laboratory. Indeed, the men whose work has been aided by the Institute this year were for the most part already of reputation. Some of the Edisons, the Finsens, Pupins, and Hewitts of to-morrow may be among the twenty-five young men selected from the universities of East and West to be research assistants in the Institute. But the production of great men is not the primary aim.

There are many branches of scientific work of the highest practical value which can not be made commercially self-supporting. The Governments of the world pay for surveys and make charts which they sell to the mariner for a few cents. The Agricultural Department experiments to learn how the farmer can make his crops more profitable, and then gives him the information free. The Carnegie Institute's money has



THE FIRST THROUGH CAR IN THE NEW YORK SUBWAY

On New Year's Day Mayor McClellan and a party of city officials were carried underground from the Battery to Harlem over the great transit system to be opened for traffic in March



THE ANNUAL PARADE OF THE "NEW YEAR'S SHOOTERS"

This is an ancient Philadelphia custom, kept up by clubs, whose members once a year make extravagant outlays for a grotesque and dazzling street carnival



been put into other similar projects from which practical advantage is likely to come. In the arid plains of Arizona a botanical laboratory has been established and two scientists are studying the means by which the native plants are able to obtain water and keep alive in the desert. If crops could do the same the farmer might save millions on irrigation ditches. From the desert to the moon is a far cry, but the Institute is not riding any particular hobby. The moon behaves in a way that astronomers can not account for. Its motion, as the observers report it, is a minute fraction of a degree outside the path which is marked out for it by calculating the "pull" of all the other heavenly bodies. It was by following up a similar discrepancy in the motion of Uranus, that the planet Neptune was discovered half a century ago. In the case of the moon there were the records of a hundred years' observations which had never been worked up. The Institute has paid for this, and the new tables of the moon's motion will be as useful to practical navigators as to astronomers. The Index Medicus, a list of all books and articles published throughout the world on medical and hygienic subjects, was an aid to physicians everywhere, but could not pay expenses and was discontinued. A Carnegie grant has started it again. The Government archives at Washington contain priceless material relating to our country's history, but many of the valuable papers have been tucked away and forgotten. The Institute has paid to have them hunted up and listed.

These are among the hundred or so of the year's grants, which carry a total appropriation of \$200,000. They cover the widest range of subjects besides those mentioned—the antiquity of man in America, the precious stones of ancient Babylon, the hated tribe of mosquitoes, the religious ceremonies of the Pawnee Indians, the motions of the stars, the value of various food materials, and fifty others. Much good may come out of the nooks and corners of science.

### THE RESURRECTED DREYFUS ISSUE

The Socialist Party of France is forcing a revision in order officially to establish a generally accepted fact

AGAIN France and Dreyfus stand before the bar of Justice. Stirred less by sympathy for the sufferings of the former captain than by the political strife he has engendered, less by the desire to administer unqualified justice than by the wish to dispose once and for all of a question which contains germs menacing to her very life, France has taken measures for a revision of the sentence of Rennes. The individual has been forgotten in the issue.

The Socialists demand revision in the hope of showing the rottenness of the military system and the potent influence in producing this result which clericalism has played. The Government is forced to comply with the demands of the Socialists because the latter hold the balance of power in the Parliament; and, moreover, its fight against clericalism is no less determined than that of the Socialist Party. The reactionists in France are using the opportunity to further their interests: they can not and will not admit that a single basis exists for revision. But since revision has come, they cry: "A soldier's wrong should be righted by soldiers. Dreyfus should not enjoy a civil hearing; he should be tried again by a Council of War."

But while France is engrossed with the issue, the American people will ask: What about the individual? How is Dreyfus standing the terrible strain, which succeeded that awful physical and mental suffering upon the Ile du Diable? I called the other day at the home of the ex-captain. He seeks no notoriety, and his address is known only to a few of his intimate friends. His home is in a huge apartment house in the Boulevard Malesherbes, within a stone's throw of the Parc Monceau and the Church St. Augustin. The quarter is not a fashionable one. The apartment is certainly not luxuriously, but at least comfortably, furnished, and Dreyfus here plans and works for the one ambition of his life—his vindication. When that is achieved, he states, he wishes to return to oblivion.

Dreyfus shows the effect of the long fight in which he has been engaged. To France he is not personally an interesting figure; perhaps he has aroused passions too strong for that. But even during his trial and condemnation, little sympathy was extended to him. It is the issue for which Zola, Labori, Reinach fought; for which the Jews are fighting. And even to-day, among those who are so earnestly defending him, few talk of the personality; they discuss the case.

But Dreyfus cares nothing about his appearance; he asks for no sympathy. Since his return from the Ile du Diable, he has been working out the puzzle of his life. He was a student in the army, he learned patience during his condemnation, and he has applied both his habits of thought and industry and his gift of patience to the development of a solution that could leave no doubt in the minds of any unprejudiced person as to his innocence. To his enemies, and even to his friends, he is an enigma. They can not understand his failure to show excitement no matter what may occur, be it good or bad, affecting him and his one object. His *sang-froid* is startling because it seems hardly human. I wager that his pulse did not beat a stroke faster when

he learned that the first step toward revision had been taken by the Minister of Justice than when he was in ignorance of what the Government proposed to do. —From our Paris Correspondent.

### THE AFTERMATH OF THE ASPHALT TRUST

Greedy investors are threatened with ruin, because of an eighty per cent assessment on almost worthless stock

PUBLIC education in "high finance" becomes more painful and costly with each new course prescribed by the teachers. The responsibility of the promoter and the backer of inflated enterprises has been a vague quantity. It was taken for granted that the investor pocketed the losses, until the exploded Asphalt Trust has shown that the receivership system can slash both ways.

Judge Kirkpatrick of the United States District Court of New Jersey has made it a doleful New Year for Philadelphia millionaires already in deep affliction, by signing an order providing for a levy of \$24,000,000 on the stockholders of the shattered Asphalt dream. This is an eighty per cent assessment. It means that if the issue is to be pushed home, Rodman Wanamaker must pay \$1,320,420, W. J. Latta of the Pennsylvania Railroad, \$1,320,420; George A. Huhn & Co., Philadelphia bankers, \$1,178,000, and so on in other appalling amounts through a list of rich men who were "let in on the ground floor," down to the hundreds of

Through Captain (then Lieutenant) Brainard, sole survivor of Lockwood's dash, a remarkable incident of Frederick's heroism during the terrible spring of 1884 near Cape Sabine has been revealed. In April, after starvation had claimed several victims, Frederick and Sergeant George W. Rice volunteered to travel to Baird Inlet to recover one hundred pounds of beef abandoned there in November. They would consent to no increase in the regular ration—four ounces of bread, and four of meat. They had no tent. The temperature was —8°.

After traveling three days in a blizzard, they left their rations within six miles of where the meat was supposed to be, expecting to bring it back in one march on the lightened sledge. Water flooding the ice and a blinding gale kept them going all day. At four o'clock they reached where the meat should have been, but could not find it. They started to return, intending to search the place again next day. Frederick now noticed signs of weakness in his companion, who insisted nevertheless in helping to draw the sled. Once Rice became so exhausted Frederick stopped to give him rum and spirits of ammonia, but he would not budge from his tracks.

Rice literally died in them of starvation, while still at work on the futile succor of his companions. When he fell, Frederick stripped off his own clothes to warm the dying man, but it was too late. Near death himself, Frederick now was miles from food and blankets on the vast icefield, alone with the corpse. How he reached them he hardly knew himself. There he believed he must have slept nearly a day, but on recovering his vitality, instead of starting home, eating the dead man's rations, he traveled back to the corpse, twelve miles or more, to give it decent burial from wolves.

And when at last he rejoined the party at Sabine, he turned in Rice's exact rations for the days since his death. Starving himself, alone, not knowing whether he had strength enough to travel another mile, Frederick overcame temptation and the torture of hunger to give up this food to be divided equally among his desperate fellows, because he believed it rightly belonged as much to them as to him. Captain Brainard, who told it, and the members of the Arctic Club who recently heard the story, agreed that a more noble incident of self-restraint in the polar field was unknown to them. Frederick is now himself beyond all pain and suffering.

### THE EXPEDITION TO TIBET

England seizes the opportunity while Russia is entangled to secure a footing in the forbidden land

THE strengthening of Colonel Younghusband's expedition into Tibet by two regiments of Indian troops, may mean simply that Lord Curzon hopes to bluff the Dalai Lama into fulfilling the treaty of 1893, opening the rich Chumbi Valley to British trade. If there is a deeper intention, and the expedition is really aimed at establishing and emphasizing British influence in Tibet by an advance to the forbidden capital itself, the truth can hardly appear before summer has made such a campaign feasible.

In either event the Viceroy of India has seized a favorable opportunity for his demonstration when Russia's entanglement in the Far East will hinder her efforts to maintain what influence she has with the Tibetan ruler. That strenuous young man, having escaped the typical attentions of the ministers of his youthful regency, and enjoyed for some time the actual power, has been too busy with schemes of internal reform to give much time to the necessity of vigorous preparations for the maintenance of his own exclusiveness. The "modern" arms sent him by his friend, the Czar, are reported by the Rev. Ekai Kanaguchi—the young Japanese priest who recently returned from a two years' sojourn in Lhasa—to be American rifles of an old pattern with an extreme range of barely five hundred yards—not very dangerous weapons against the rifles of the Sikhs and Pathans.

The avowed purpose of the British is to go to Giangtse Jong, within a hundred and fifty miles of Lhasa, whence renewed efforts will be made to persuade the "Big Gentleman" Lama to negotiate with them. His return to Colonel Younghusband of that envoy's letters indicates his present unwillingness to appoint the diplomatic agents desired, but the near approach of the British force is likely to alter his frame of mind. The British will operate through fertile valleys upon which they rely in part for subsistence.

The Japanese priest reports the Dalai Lama to be the possessor of "incredible stores of gold and jewels." If he knows the story of Mandalay, he will have added reason for striving to keep the British out of Lhasa, whether by negotiation or by force of arms. With Russia on the north and west pushing to the south and east, with France on the east preparing to push to the west, and with England on the south pushing to the north and meaning ultimately to get her railroad through to the head of the Yangtse Valley, the handwriting begins to show clearly on the walls of the Dalai Lama's palace, however blind he may be to it.



SOLDIERS OF GREAT BRITAIN'S TIBETAN EXPEDITION

An English military force of 3,000 men under command of Colonel Younghusband is now on its way from British India to Lhasa, the Tibetan capital. This body is the ostensible "escort" of Colonel Younghusband, in his "political mission" to the Grand Lama. The photograph shows members of the force in winter uniform at an outpost on the frontier

small stockholders who were drawn into the whirlpool by the example of these powers of finance. When the Asphalt Trust began business, the holders of its thirty millions of stock had paid in only ten per cent. The "Trust," doomed to smash from the start, was thrown into a receivership, and eighty per cent of the stock was no more than stamped paper. Now it threatens ruin to men held to be among the most powerful in their community. The company was once reorganized, but only to produce a second bankruptcy. It was so vastly overcapitalized that for two years it earned only sixteen per cent of its fixed charges.

The total assets on which thirty millions in stock were floated, brought only \$6,000,000 at public sale in New Jersey. Powerful political "pulls" enlisted by the Trust were expected to bring big returns in public paving contracts. Such "influence" received return favors in the shape of stock. Now every share of this stock is assessed eighty per cent of its face value, with the power of the courts ready to enforce payment, and those who received something for nothing must be prepared to pay the piper.

### THE PASSING OF A HERO

Julius R. Frederick, a survivor of the Greely Expedition, performed one of the noblest deeds recorded in Arctic annals

THERE has died in Indianapolis, of cancer, Julius R. Frederick, one of the last survivors of the Greely Arctic Expedition, and a member of the supporting party which escorted Lieutenant Lockwood toward his "farthest north" on the Greenland coast in 1882, the one American Polar record, unequalled for twelve years.



DRAWN BY HENRY REUTERDAHL

## SEA-FIGHTERS

A JAPANESE SQUADRON CRUISING IN THE YELLOW SEA. THE LARGE SHIP IS THE "MIKASA," ONE OF THE FOUR MOST POWERFUL BAT

(See "The Russian and Japanese Naval Situation," by Rear-





## RS OF JAPAN

POWERFUL BATTLESHIPS IN THE JAPANESE NAVY; THE TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE "AKATSUKI"

aval Situation," by Rear-Admiral Chadwick, on page 14)

PRINT IN BINDING

# The Russian and Japanese Naval Situation

By REAR-ADMIRAL FRENCH E. CHADWICK, U.S.N.

Rear-Admiral Chadwick, one of the foremost officers of the United States Navy, was Naval Attache at London from 1882 to 1889. At the end of this tour of duty he was commended by Secretary Tracy as one "whose extraordinary ability and judgment during six years of difficult service in England and on the Continent have had a lasting influence upon the naval development of this country." He is better known for his services as captain of the "New York," and chief of staff to Admiral Sampson during the Spanish War, and as a member of the Maine Board of Inquiry, whose report was the immediate cause of that war. He was recommended to the President for advancement because of his notable war record. He was Chief Intelligence Officer in 1892-1893, and Chief of the Bureau of Equipment from 1893 to 1897. Admiral Chadwick was President of the Naval War College, the main purpose of which is to instruct officers in naval strategy and tactics, from October, 1900, to November, 1903. Admiral Chadwick is therefore among the best equipped authorities in this country to discuss the comparative fighting efficiency of the two Powers whose fleets are to-day ready for action in the Yellow Sea.

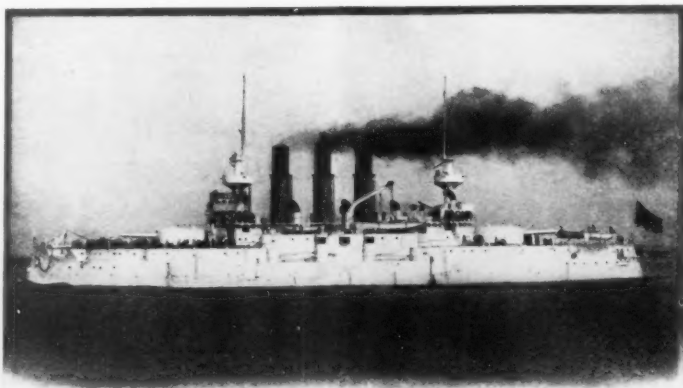
THE tremendous potentialities involved in a war now seemingly so imminent between Russia and Japan have apparently not excited the interest in our country which they demand. It has been the possibility of a world-wide convulsion which no doubt has tended to hold back somewhat the powers immediately involved, but at the moment of writing, this New Year's week, the outlook is very gloomy. The politics in question are beyond the province of this paper; it would be an impropriety on the part of the writer to deal with them. It is proposed to give merely a summary of existing naval conditions, such as are patent to any one who chooses to read the literature of the subject, without any attempt to pass judgment upon them.

In the event of such a war, it needs no words to accentuate the importance of command of the sea. Should this fall to the Japanese, it would mean the blockade of Russia's Asian ports and the limitation of her lines of communication to her newly constructed railways. It would be open to Japan to invade Korea and Manchuria. The worst, however, which could happen apparently to Russia would be the loss of control of Manchuria and a halt to her aspirations in the East. Should Russia control the sea, there would be more than a reversal of such a situation. Japanese ports would be subject to blockade and attack and the nation itself to invasion. Sea power is thus, as it so often has been, of primary importance. In this paper only that is dealt with now in the probable theatre of action—the Far East.

The fighting ships (by which is meant those which can both give and sustain hard knocks), and which are now face to face, are on the Russian side eleven, seven of which are classed as battleships and four as armored cruisers. The seven battleships are from 10,960 to 13,110 tons; three of the armored cruisers are from 10,923 to 12,364 tons and one of 7,500. On the Japanese side are seven battleships, six of which are from 12,517 to 15,443 tons and one of 7,335. There are six armored cruisers from 9,456 to 9,906 tons. The fighting force sums up 119,577 tons Russian to 152,493 Japanese. Also there are twelve Russian torpedo-boat destroyers and sixteen torpedo boats against Japan's nineteen torpedo-boat destroyers, thirteen torpedo boats first class (120 to 150 tons); thirty-six second class (80 to 90 tons), and twenty-seven third class (40 to 65 tons).

Consideration must be had, however, of the special characters of the ships involved, and for a clear understanding of these I insert the accompanying tables.

The table shows four of the Japanese battleships to exceed the largest Russian by 2,388 to 2,743 tons. Though tonnage may be taken generally as a rough measure of power, it must be associated with certain qualities of design, particularly distribution of armor, in order that it be taken as in any degree a safe measure. Speaking generally, however, all-round efficiency, large coal supply, speed, heavy and well-distributed armor and powerful armament make large size a necessity. All these can not be had in a ship of what is to-day reckoned moderate size. The Japanese *Chen Yuen*, though of moderate tonnage and old design (Stettin, 1884), is both in protection and armament to be ranked in the battle line. F. T. Jane (in his "All the World's Fighting Ships") rates her in average value with the Russian *Bayan* and *Rosita* and our own *Brooklyn* and *Texas*. The armored cruisers have been placed in the fighting line as undoubtedly both sides, with such a paucity of heavy battleships, would so employ them. Those of the Japanese are particularly well off in gun protection as compared with the Russian armored cruisers, and are in fact ranked by so high an authority as Jane (1893 edition) as equal in average fighting value to the Japanese *Fuji* and Russian *Pobieda*. They obtain this rank by the 6-inch protection to the guns of their heavy 6-inch battery. The gun protection in the *Rosita* and *Rurik*, taken in broadside, is as nil against 6-inch guns or even lighter. If Mr. Jane's valuation be accepted, we should thus have



THE AMERICAN-BUILT RUSSIAN BATTLESHIP "RETVIZAN"

to class together the Russian *Czarevitch* and *Retvizan* and the Japanese *Mikasa*, *Hatsuse*, *Asaki*, *Shikishima*, and the remainder of the Russian battleships with the Japanese *Fuji*, *Yashima*, and the six armored cruisers. He drops the *Gromozvoi* still one class lower and the *Bayan*, *Rosita*, and *Rurik* two (along with the *Chen Yuen*). Such a classification would give Russia two ships of an average value of 1.00 against four Japanese, and five of .80 against eight Japanese, leaving additional to Russia one of .60 (*Gromozvoi*) and three of .40 (*Bayan*, *Rosita*, and *Rurik*) and additional to Japan

Russians have, however, an advantage to be noted in the fact that most of their 6-inch guns are 45 calibres in length against the 40 calibres, in general, of the Japanese; and increased length means increased range and power. The ships of both sides are well supplied with torpedoes.

The smaller ships of both sides are not mentioned; neither they nor the volunteer fleet of Russia will weigh greatly in any such contest.

In torpedo craft, Russia is decidedly outclassed. In addition to those mentioned there are seven torpedo-boat destroyers and four torpedo boats on the way out. But the journey for such vessels is long and arduous. The chances are very great against an early arrival, if indeed they can "fetch" at all. None are further than the Mediterranean, where also at the moment are the belated battleship *Oslavia* (of the same class as the *Pobieda*), the armored cruiser (of old type) *Dimitri Donskoi*, the battleship *Emperor Nicolai* (also old), and a number of torpedo vessels. The new protected cruiser *Aurora* (same as *Pallada* and *Diana*) left Bizerta for the Piræus January 3.

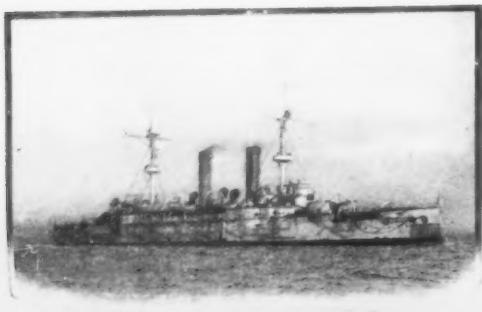
Though superiority in material strength on the sea, in the theatre of probable action, is with the Japanese, the vital question after all is one of efficiency in management of ships and fleets. Judgment as to this must be formed after the event. Equal courage must be granted. Russian staying power has passed almost into a proverb; Japanese recklessness of life and patriotic devotion are undoubted; the two nationalities, in these high qualities, may be taken to be all that men should be. The officers of both are men of ability and education. American naval officers have always had a liking and respect for their Russian naval friends, who are regarded as essentially "good fellows." Many of the Japanese officers, including some now of flag rank, have been educated at our own Naval Academy and are looked upon as men of marked ability. The Japanese ships and squadrons, so far as observation extends, have been well handled; their drill is constant and there is no questioning their spirit. They have also had the test of a serious war not yet so distant but that the feeling of confidence which comes from successful war service must be reckoned with. Mr. F. J. Norman, an English ex-army officer, who served long as an instructor in both military and civil colleges, writing in the "Spectator," December 5, thinks the homogeneity of good feeling in the Japanese navy has been injured of late by the entrance into the officer class of other than men of the Satsuma clan, which in the revolution of 1868 took over the navy as the Chōshū did the army; that the jealousies engendered work for weakness. Notwithstanding, he speaks in high terms of both officers and men. The writer would not presume to make a critical analysis of the qualities of the personnel of the two navies, even were he fitted by personal knowledge to do so; but some of the views of the capable observer mentioned are of timely interest. He says of the enlisted men: "The Japanese blue-jackets and petty officers are very fine men indeed—far better so on an average than their comrades of the army. They are better fed, clothed, and looked after, and a very great proportion of them join the service voluntarily. Taking them on the whole, they are a fairly intelligent lot of men, far more so than the Russians, but in physique they can not in any way compare with them. . . . The Russians undoubtedly have officers and men superior to any the Japanese can bring forward, but I firmly believe—and I have seen a good deal of both—the average Japanese officer and man is every whit as good as the average Russian. Whether the Japanese is quite so stubborn a fighter as the Russian time alone will tell; but there can be no doubt that while the Russians have a great contempt for the Japanese, the latter, on the other hand, have some considerable respect for Russian prowess."

\* This class is rated by the French Aide Memoire de l'Officier de Marine as armored cruisers only.

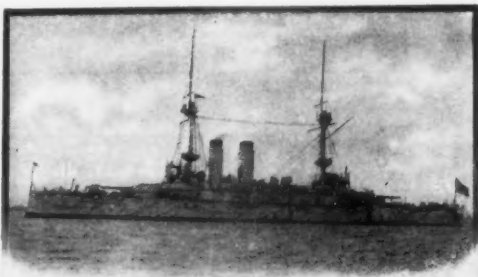
one of .40 (*Chen Yuen*). His classification tells heavily against the Russians. While the writer is not inclined to accept this estimate wholly, it is given as an indication of the high value placed upon the Japanese armored cruisers by one of the highest authorities.

The heavy guns in the ships mentioned are, Russian, twenty 12-inch, eight 10-inch, fourteen 8-inch, one hundred and thirty-six 6-inch. Putting aside for the moment the 6-inch gun, which can not be ranked as an armor-piercing weapon against the heavier armor of battleships, Russia (speaking always of the present situation in the East) can bring into battle 42 armor-piercing guns against 68 of the Japanese. The latter has also a large excess of 6-inch (214 as against 138), which, while not able to pierce heavy armor at ordinary battle range, would be effective against most of the gun positions of the Russian armored cruiser force. It is difficult to see how this part of her fleet could long sustain a well-directed 6-inch fire.

In addition to her fighting line, Russia has in the East seven protected cruisers of 3,200 to 6,630 tons, mounting forty-eight 6-inch guns against sixteen Japanese of 2,700 to 4,973 tons mounting two 12.5-inch, four 10.2-inch, six 8-inch, thirty-eight 6-inch. This class in both cases of course carries a large number of smaller guns equally effective in many ways against unarmored ships. Though superiority, ship for ship, in this class is in the main with Russia, this is offset by the greater numbers of the Japanese and in several cases by their heavier guns, which are of more value, through greater range, than the 6-inch. The



THE JAPANESE ARMORED CRUISER "ASAMA"



THE JAPANESE BATTLESHIP "ASAKI"



The men are mainly recruited from boatmen, fishermen, and sailors, so that they come into the service with the sea habit to a much greater degree than can be said of the men of the Russian navy. Russia's limited seacoast, ice-bound for so much of the year, naturally can not breed the large sea population of Japan, which faces seaward on every side and is seamed with salt water.

Mr. F. T. Jane, in his book on the Russian navy, says of the Russian sailor: "Ivan is a big, strong, burly fellow with a sluggish good temper like a big Newfoundland dog. He is simple and childish, and his intelligence is not high. He is amenable and willing, anxious to do his best." This testimony embodies many fine qualities, and Russian courage and staying power have shown themselves often enough to cause us to know that it will be from no lack of manliness that he will fail, if fail he should. The men are good enough on both sides; it will be chiefly a question of leadership: as it always has been, as it always must be.

Japan of course occupies, so far as sea operations are concerned, the interior strategic position. Stretching more than twelve hundred miles, with her southern end southeast of the southern end of Korea, from which she is separated but one hundred miles, she commands with extraordinary completeness the sea connection between Vladivostok and Port Arthur, as well as that from Europe into the Yellow Sea, rendering reinforcement for Russia very difficult

RUSSIA			
b., battleship; a.c., armored cruiser			
NAME	DIS- PLACE- MENT (Tons)	ARMAMENT	TRIAL SPEED (Knots)
<i>Armored Ships</i>			
Bayan, a.c.	7,800	2 8 in., 8 6 in., 20 3 in., 7 smaller	22
Czarevitch, b.	13,110	4 12 in., 12 6 in., 20 3 in., 32 smaller	18
Gromovoi, a.c.	12,335	4 8 in., 16 6 in., 6 4 7 in., 20 3 in., 36 smaller	20
Peresviet, b.	12,674	4 10 in., 11 6 in., 16 3 in., 29 smaller	19.1
Petropavlovsk, b.	10,950	4 12 in., 12 6 in., 14 sm. ller	16.84
Pobeda, b.	12,674	4 10 in., 11 6 in., 16 3 in., 29 smaller	18
Poltava, b.	10,961	4 12 in., 12 6 in., 36 smaller	16.29
Retvizan, b.	12,700	4 12 in., 12 6 in., 20 3 in., 26 smaller	18.08
Rosia, a.c.	12,800	4 8 in., 16 6 in., 12 3 in., 36 smaller	19.7
Rurik, a.c.	10,940	4 8 in., 16 6 in., 6 4 7 in., 28 smaller	18.8
Sevastopol, b.	10,960	4 12 in., 12 6 in., 36 smaller	16
<i>Protected Cruisers</i>			
Askold	6,100	12 6 in., 12 3 in., 2 7 sm. ller	23.8
Bogatyr	6,750	12 6 in., 12 3 in., 10 8 smaller	23.4
Boyarin	3,400	6 4 7 in., 10 smaller	22.5
Diana	6,630	6 6 in., 20 3 in., 8 smaller	20
Novik	3,200	6 4 7 in., 13 smaller	25
Pallada	6,630	6 6 in., 20 3 in., 8 smaller	20
Variag	6,590	12 6 in., 12 3 in., 6 smaller	23

should Japan get control of the sea. It should be mentioned in this connection that the Black Sea fleet can not pass the Bosphorus owing to treaty stipu-

lations. Midway in the strait dividing Japan from Korea are the Tsushima Islands, now an advanced base, heavily fortified, and but forty miles from Fusan, which from time immemorial has been the landing-place of Japanese invasion. Near by, in the harbor of Masampho, are, at the moment, the greater number of her battleships. Those of Russia are at Port Arthur, four hundred and fifty miles distant, where is now concentrated the whole of her fighting strength in the East under the protection of what has become, under her occupancy, a most powerful fortress. Both forces may be taken to be in excellent condition; Japan's dockyards are equal to any emergency, Russia's equipment in Port Arthur is sufficient for probable needs. Great stores of coal and supplies have been massed at this port—a vital necessity in view of the possible command by Japan of coal supply from overseas. The latter has, in her own fields, plenty of a medium quality, but in naval war one needs the best, and no doubt English and American coal, though two or three times the cost, will be largely used.

The guess may be ventured that but little in the way of acute naval action may be looked for for some little time to come. The chances at least of a general action, in view of the difference in force, are small. Should the Russian fleet remain in Port Arthur, the road to Korea would be open to the Japanese. What they would do with this opportunity is outside the present paper.

Captain Alfred T. Mahan, U.S.N., will describe in Collier's the strategy of any naval encounters that may occur between Russia and Japan



## THE MAN IN BLACK

BEING AN EPISODE IN THE CAREER OF RICHARD RYDER, OTHERWISE GALLOPING DICK, SOMETIME GENTLEMAN OF THE ROAD

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON, Author of "Galloping Dick," "The Adventurers," Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. M. ASHE

IT WAS after the affair of the King's Treasure that there was maybe the hottest hue and cry raised on me which has ever fallen to my lot in the course of many adventurous years. The pursuit opened in a little tavern in Southwark, where I was foolish enough to spend a night and some guineas in entertaining a pack of rude huffs that did not know a gentleman from a pitch-fork. I had took too much of liquor, and I suppose that I had spoke too much also. At least at three of the morning comes me up the landlord, a decent fellow, with the news that the traps were on me. I hardly rubbed my eyes, for the fumes were all gone now, but skipped into my clothes, and, giving him good-day, was out afoot in a twinkling by a back window, and made for Clapham. Here, as chance had it, I encountered a stout man on his horse coming up for the fair, and, laying him in the mud, I mounted and rode as hard as the nag would carry me toward the south.

I passed through Kingston in the thick of the darkness, and made for the wilds beyond, only pulling in when I had reached the village of Ripley in the dawn. 'Twas bitter cold of a raw January day, and the sun was in a gray welter of clouds that betokened snow. So I drank a hot draught of ale and brandy, and, giving my nag a bite, was on the road again, for I knew not how near the enemy might be, and I had vowed to put ten leagues behind me ere I lay anywhere. The way was vile in that weather, but I pushed on through Guildford, and at last came to Liphook, where I sheltered for the night. Now what was my predicament on the morrow but to find the nag lame and myself in chains to the spot? But I had covered a long distance, and so, says I to myself, I will rest and give odds to fortune. So I tarried there, pretty comfortable.

But in the afternoon there comes along a stage from town, in the which, having spied the ground very carefully, I decided to journey; for I had by now made up my mind to reach Portsmouth, and ply between there and Southampton and the West, until such time as the chase was over. So in goes I, much against my habit, along with a company that seemed at first little to my taste. There was a respectable old gentleman that was full of questions, and Madam, his wife, that was fat and slumbrous, and to them was

a daughter, pretty enough, but with eyes that marched and countermarched, and usually upon a young man that was dressed like a court popinjay. This fellow, as I discovered, was her lover, Harringay by name, and a pretty Cupid he was. The last in the coach was a staid-faced, sober-clad man, all in a dark kerseymere, that had come in with me at Liphook, and read a book while 'twas light, and between the jolts. This was dull company, as you may guess, for Dick Ryder to find himself in, all save the girl whose eyes went on a campaign with mine. So, thinks I, if I must be here for some drab hours I will at least take some merriment of it; and so I fell to ogling her, at which she minced and took on a better color.

'Twas in the act that the old gentleman broke the silence by addressing me. Snow had fallen in the

night, and 'twas now darkening for more. Out on the Sussex wastes tumbled the stage, and of a sudden took the wind. It heeled her over, and the horses stayed and swayed.

"Heaven save us! We are overturned," cried the old fellow, looking at me.

"Not we," said I. "Why, 'twould take all the breath of two heavens to capsize this old village."

"You think 'tis safe?" says he anxiously.

"As safe as a snail," said I, "and about as speedy. Confound all such conveyances," said I. "Give me a horse atwixt my legs, and I ask no more."

"You are a soldier, sir?" said he.

"You may call me that," says I; "a soldier of fortune."

"I knew it," says Miss, beaming; and at that the wind took us again, and the stage jolted on her creaking wheels, sending Miss into my stomach and the old lady upon the thin black fellow.

Miss got herself back with my assistance, blushing ripe and red, and the old lady cries, "Geoffrey, my smelling salts! Harringay, tuck my skirts down!" At which the popinjay began fumbling in his pockets, and with a sulky air stooped to do as he was bid. 'Tother man feigned to go on reading, but it was too dark now to see print.

"I have no taste for these common stages," says Harringay presently, in a fluting voice of affectation. "If I had my way, I would travel by private coach."

"Maybe," said I, "you can not stride a horse."

"Indeed," said he loftily, "I am quite accustomed to it."

"'Tis the only way of progression," I said. "A stout nag and a pair of barkers."

"Ah," said the old man admiringly, "you soldiers see strange things."

"I'll warrant, yes," said I. "I could tell you that which would make your hair stand."

Miss was gaping at me, and so was the whole family, but young Harringay crossed his legs, and says he indifferently, "'Tis said soldiers have long tongues."

"Why they have long swords," said I peremptorily, for I was annoyed by his airs and graces.

He gave a little laugh, as if he were amused with something all to himself; and I was aware at the same time that



"THERE IS PLENTY OF CUT-THROATS ABOUT, AS I HAVE HEARD"



HE STANDS WITH HIS BACK AT THE DOOR, A BARKER IN EACH FIST

the man in black was eyeing me steadily. He had the look of a lawyer's clerk, or something of the sort, so I returned him his stare with nonchalance. This made him give way, and he turned his attention to the party opposite, for there could be no pretence now of reading in a page.

"You go armed always, sir?" inquired the old gentleman.

"One never knows whom one may meet," said I with a yawn.

"You signify highwaymen?" he said in a lower voice.

"Why, I'm told there is danger from these gentry," said I.

Harrington laughed lightly. "Pooh!" he says. "They are main cowards, and would not attack any man with boldness and a pistol."

The man in black looked at him with interest.

"You carry a pistol, sir?" I asked politely of the popinjay.

He tapped his pocket significantly. "There is none would dare assail me," he boasted, and Miss cast him a glance of admiration.

"We put ourselves in Mr. Harrington's hands," explained the old gentleman airily. "He is our escort."

I thought I saw a smile on the face of the man in black, and I could not help meeting it; but his suddenly faded away and he looked out at the moor on which the snow and the wind were threshing. The old coach was lurching on, as if she had been a packet in a storm.

"I shall be sick, my stomach heaves," cries the fat woman, and applied her smelling salts; whereas she was attended by her husband and her daughter, and, lying back, seemed to pass off into sleep.

"'Tis a wild night," says the old man. "I misdoubt we shall fetch Petersfield."

"Why, that we shall," said I cheerfully, "unless these same gentry you speak of play us a trick."

"Do you think it likely?" inquired a voice in my ear, and there was the man in black broken out of silence for the first time.

"Maybe," said I indifferently, "and maybe not."

"Why," he says in a raucous voice, "there is nothing here to tempt any such. What is there among us all?"

"Speak for yourself," said I. "I have that which I would not part with willingly."

"And I, sir," said the old gentleman. "But with three such young gentlemen to protect us we need fear nothing."

"Well, I will confess I wouldn't care to be stopped," says the man in black. "But they would not have much of me."

"There is my box of jewels," says Miss, looking eagerly at Harrington, who smiled and nodded and clapped his hand to a pocket.

"'Tis safe," said he. "You may trust me for that, sweetheart." At which she smiled on him adoringly.

The man in black had sunk back into his seat, and his heavy breathing sounded presently in my ear; so that I concluded he too was fallen asleep. I was like to have done the same, for the jolting and the stuffiness of the air had wearied me; but at that moment the coach came to a stop, and there was the voice of the coachman calling out that this was Rake.

'Twas now darkling overhead, but the snow had ceased, and we entered the "Flying Bull" to refresh ourselves—a long barn of a place with a surly landlord that had not sense enough to serve his customers properly. But the wine was fair, and I ordered a bottle or two, in the which I asked the old gentleman to join me.

Says he, "With all my heart, sir, seeing that you add this to my other obligations."

"What be those?" said I.

He gave me a bow, for he was a civil gentleman, though of a rustic habit. "You protect us, sir," he said, "We are relying upon your good weapons and bright courage in the face of emergency."

I laughed. "Oh, as for that," I said, "I can promise you there's none likely to infest you. You are as safe as in Whitehall within these fields of white."

"That is well said," remarked the man in black. "And I shall eat, for my part, with the better assurance after that promise."

He had certain sourness of voice, at which, however, I could not take offence, for there was nothing in his

words to warrant it. But Harrington must be popping into the conversation, and so I turned my spleen on him.

"I would not promise," said he, "that we shall not be molested. There is plenty of cut-throats about, as I have heard."

"Lord, Harrington," says the old lady, dropping her knife and fork. "You terrify me. What possessed us to come of this journey?"

He simpered, as one pleased with his effort, adding, "'Tis known as the worst road out of London."

"Dear Heart!" cries the lady, and I saw Miss whitening under the bloom she had took of the cold air.

"'Tis a pity," said I, "that simpletons talk of what they know not. 'Tis the safest road in the Kingdom."

"Oh," says he with an air, "I would not discompose any one. 'Tis best you should keep up your spirits," and he drank of his wine, whistling gently, and as one who is superior to circumstance and the rest of the company.

If he had not been so grotesque an ape I would ha' said something more, but as it was I had not the heart to overwhelm him in Miss's presence. So I said good-humoredly, "Well, call me when there is danger, and I will see if I can spy it out of two spectacles."

I gave Miss a jorum of mulled wine, and I plied her mother, who would eat anything. Never did I see a woman with such an appetite. But the old gentleman took little or nothing, and only sipped his glass, being clearly in an anxious state. "I was promised we should lie at Petersfield to-night," he said in a plaintive way, "for I have business in Portsmouth to-morrow."

"Oh, you shall lie there safe and warm," said I, "and Madam and Miss, too, in as snug blankets as any in the realm, or call me hangman."

I got up and walked to the window. The black night stared back at me with ominous eyes. Thinks I to myself that we must be hauling out at once if my words were to come true; for there was snow in the sky like lead. I turned about, and under the candles saw the man in black guttling his wine as if he were in a haste to feel its temper in his stomach. He had drunk one bottle, and the better part of another. I called out to the innkeeper, bidding him ask if we were to stay there all night; for, if not, we had better be gone. And that seemed to affect the coachman, for in a little news was come that we were to start. The last I saw of the table was the figure of the man in black drinking his second bottle to the dregs.

No sooner were we set in the stage again than the storm began. The wind swept over the heights and rained on us a deadly flurry of snow. It battered against the windows, and penetrated even to the recesses of the interior. But we were warm with our wine, and I, for one, lay back with contentment, with one eye open on Miss, who was conscious of my stare and fidgeted under it, and t'other on nothingness. The old lady went off to sleep forthwith with the food she had taken, and trumpeted at times, to the chagrin of her daughter. But what's a snore? At least it interfered not with me, and presently Miss had slipped from me, and I was at rest like any child. The coach rocked in my dreams, and then there was a cry, and presently after I opened my eyes with the feeling that the snow was on my temples.

'Twas not that, however, but the barrel of a pistol that the man in black held. "Move," says he fiercely, "and you are a dead man."

As soon as I was awake I guessed what it was, and so, never stirring a hand, said I, "That command concerns not my jaw, I conceive."

"'Twere best you kept your mouth closed," said he.

"Why," said I, "I perceive that my prognostications were all wrong, and that we be fallen indeed into the hands of a toby-man, who will, I trust, prove as gallant as all his kidney."

"Silence!" says he, "and give me what you have."

"You have my pistols?" I asked politely.

"Yes," he replied triumphantly, and at that I knew

he was a mere bungler, and no real gentleman of the road, for he was all a-tremble with his excitement.

"Well," said I, "there is but the matter of a small bag of guineas—"

"Hand it out!" said he sharply.

"Look'ee," said I. "You promise me death do I move."

"I will find it myself," he said quickly.

But I was not for having his dirty fingers on me, so said I with a heavy sigh, "If I must, I must," and I drew out a bag from my inner pocket.

"You have saved yourself," said he hoarsely; and, Lord, I knew again he was new to the game; for no born toby-man would ha' rested content with what I gave him, when there was two bags more of golden pictures safely stowed in my coat.

"Now that you have what you want," said I meekly.

"maybe you will allow me to ask after my companions."

"You will understand," said he, "that I am here with four loaded pistols with the which I will shoot any that moves."

"Oh, I accept my fate," I replied, as if desperately.

"'Tis the young lady that I am thinking on."

He laughed harshly. "You have cast sheep's eyes enough, my good man. I have her jewels."

"Hang me, now," says I, "had the jewels been in my keeping I would not have let 'em go so cheaply. Is the young gentleman in his gore?"

"No," says he curtly.

"We have all been taken by surprise and robbed," says the voice of the old gentleman tremulously.

"This man—"

"Silence!" said the man in black.

"Are you there, Miss?" said I to the darkness.

A small voice says, "Yes," very frightened.

"Keep up your heart," said I. "We are none of us hurt, and when once this awesome ruffian—"

"I command you to be silent," said he savagely.

"Come," said I, "let us have some liberty. You have took our goods; let us have our tongues left."

At that he said nothing, but there came an interruption. If you will believe me, the old lady had slumbered through it all, and now woke up at a jolt of the coach and cried out, "Thieves!"

"Why, madam, you say right," said I, "thieves it is, and as ferocious a toby-man as ever I remember."

With that she fell to screaming, but the man in black clapped his pistol to her and gave her a fright that paralyzed her to silence.

"Give me what you have," says he.

"I—I have nothing," she stammered. "There is no room on me to hide so much as a—"

"Bah!" says he. "If you will cease your clatter, I will do you no harm."

"The gentleman has promised to do none of us harm," said I, "if we behave modestly. This coach shall not swim in blood, for the which we should fall to our prayers in thankfulness."

Whether he perceived my ironic tone, and was to resent it I know not; but I would have been equal to him, the nincompoop. But as chance had it, just at that moment the coach came to with a crash that sent him flying against the window. He flourished his pistols wildly, and I thought the fool would have let one off. Only the door opened on the other side now, and the head of the coachman peered in. My man presents at him, shouting, "Move, and you're a dead man."

"What's all this stir?" says the coachman in amazement. "Are ye gone out of your wits?"

"No," says he. "But you shall be gone out of yours if you stir, and do not as I wish."

"This gentleman," says I, in a mild voice, "has robbed the coach, and 'tis only of his kindness that we get off with our lives."

"You shall cut one of the horses loose and let me have it," said the ridiculous toby-man, "or I will blow out your brains."

"You're welcome to a horse," grumbled the other, still in astonishment; "you're welcome to 'em all, if you can get anywhere from here."

"What is it you mean?" he demanded haughtily.

"Why, we're astray—we're in a drift somewhere toward Liss—the Lord knows where," says t'other.

"Indeed," says I, imploringly. "You will not venture your valuable life on such a night."

But he uttered a savage oath, yet appeared perplexed.

"Look you," said I in another voice. "If you take the horse you will reach nowhere from here, and you will leave five hapless mortal beings to starve of cold. Let 'em get back to the road and then take your nag."

He was silent for a while, but this argument seemed to appeal to him. "Very well," said he, "I consent. But if there be any sign of treachery I will not hesitate to shoot. Go back to your horses."

At this the coachman, no doubt well enough content to be let off at such a price, shut the door and departed, and presently the stage began to rumble on again, floundering on the hills toward Liss.

Now you may think how I was tickled at this muck-worm trying his hand at the road. He was some attorney's clerk or maybe apprentice, I could have sworn, and he was as fidgety as a cat, seeming not to know what to do, or whom to confront and bully. Moreover, my attitude had put him in a flurry, and the knowledge that we were astray had discomfited him. So he stands with his back at the door saying nothing, but holding a barker in each fist. But I was not for letting him alone, and says I: "You done that very well. I would I had your composure, and I would ha' been his Majesty's Chief Justice by now, with the hanging of rogues for my business."

At that the old gentleman plucked up spirit enough to venture on a word.

"Alack," he said, "I fear that all those that follow a trade of violence must come by violence to their end," and sighed.

"That's the truth," said I, smacking my leg, "you have spoke truth if you die to-night."

"Silence!" cries this shoddy highwayman nervously.

"Your tongue wags, young man," says the fat old lady to me. "But it appears to me you did little in the defence you boasted of some time ago."

"I can't abide cold steel at my ears," said I. "Alas



I SEIZED HIM AND SWUNG HIM DOWN INTO THE SNOW



that I was born to encounter so redoubtable a captain!"

"You are a soldier," says she angrily, "and you see us robbed and put about like this."

"Why, I can endure any ordinary toby-man," said I.

"But this fellow is the very devil. I think any man may be excused to surrender to so vehement an antagonist. His bark's his bite," says I.

"Harringay, my smelling salts," says she petulantly.

"I—I have 'em not," stammers he.

"No," said I. "'Tis all along of this gentleman with the barkers. See you, Mr. Harringay and I have had to yield up, and if one of Mr. Harringay's spirit hath done so, why, I think it no shame myself. But, indeed, I went on, struck with a comic idea, "we are neither of us in need of shame, for I believe this gentleman to be a notorious gentleman of the road with a terrible reputation. Is't not so, sir?" says I.

"You are at liberty to believe what you will," says he, but in a milder voice.

"I have heard of these gentlemen," I went on, "and from his description I would take oath this is not other than Galloping Dick, Dick Ryder, that is a terror on the highways. Is it so?" says I again.

"What if I be?" says he, and I believe the huff was well pleased, as, indeed, he might be.

"There!" said I triumphantly. "I guessed it, and, believe me, any man might be proud to submit to Dick Ryder, from all I hear."

"Ay, I have heard of him, too," says the old gentleman. "But they say he is better than would appear and merciful."

"Oh, never fear," said I. "This gentleman will prove merciful ere we are finished with him?"

"I warn you to expect nothing from me," said he in a more complacent voice.

Just at that moment the coach began to roll along more smoothly and at a faster pace, and I judged that we were upon the road again, and that the coachman was whipping up. This same thought seems to occur to the fellow, for he opened the window and shouted out to the man to stop, with a lot of horrid threats. So that presently the coach came to, and the coachman appeared at the door, seeing his manœuvre had failed.

"What is it?" he asked innocently.

"You must keep your bargain," says the man in black. "We are on the road."

"Such road as there is," he grumbled.

"Well, cut me one of the horses out, or I will make a hole in you," cried the fellow fiercely.

"Come," says I, "we were getting on quite famously till now. 'Tis a pity to end this pleasant party."

But he gave me an oath and stepped out of the vehicle, at which I seized the young man, Harringay.

"Out with you," said I, "and we will see this mischief to an end."

We got out into the snow, which was still whirling in the air, and I watched the coachman extricate one of his nags. The toby-man (if I may so style him) stood with his legs apart, drawn up in his most dramatic posture, pistols in hand.

"You will not stir," says he, "for full ten minutes after I am gone. If you do, I will come back and blow your brains out."

This truculent fellow quite appalled the coachman, who busied himself with the gear, and presently has one of his horses out. This t'other mounted in an awkward fashion and turned to us.

"Remember!" says he in a warning voice, "I never forget or forgive."

"Now," whispered I to Harringay. "Now is the chance to show your quality. You take him on the near side and I will on the off. Leg or arm will do. He will topple off on the least shove, the fool."

"But—but—" he stammered, "he is armed."

"Curse me!" exclaimed I, furious to meet such cowardice. "Are ye frightened of a pistol in the hands of a mumpchance?" and with an oath I left him and flew at the quarry.

I had got half-way to him when he saw me coming and pointed a barker at me.

"Stop!" cries he.

"Stop be hanged!" says I, and sprang at him.

The pistol went off, and took my hat, singeing my forehead, which made me all the hotter. I seized him, leg and neck, and swung him down into the snow, where he grabbed for another weapon.

"If you move," said I, "I will crack your neck like a rotten stick, my brave toby-man. Quit, you worm, quit!" and I gave him my fist between the eyes, so that he lay still.

"Coachman," says I, "throw a lantern here," and I fumbled in the man's pockets for a pistol. "Now," said I, "we are on terms again," and I dragged him to his feet. Harringay came up now, and says he, "Let me help."

"Get you gone, I want none of you," I said sharply. "Dammé, Miss will serve me better. She will wear the britches properly," and I called out to her.

By that time the coachman had his lantern and cast the light on a miserable, sheepish object, who scowled at us.

"Here's a pretty toby-man," said I, "a right gallant fellow that sheds lustre on the craft. Why, a child could manage him. See," says I, for Miss was come up, looking very handsome and excited in the snow. "Take ye this pistol, Miss, and hold it to him. He will do you no harm—no more than a flea—and never could."

She hesitated a moment, and then, summoning up her courage, did as I bid, holding the barker in a gingerly fashion, the while I searched his pockets, taking out what he had took of us.

I had just completed my job when there was the sound of voices quite close, for the snow had dulled the tread of the horses of the party that approached. They were on us ere I knew, and one called out:

"What is this? Is't an accident?"

"It is a little accident to a toby-man," said I. "A brave fellow that is come by misfortune all unknown to his mother."

"The devil!" says the voice; "we are after one such. Let us see him."

Now you conceive how I felt, for that this was a party of traps on my heels I guessed at once. So I moved a little into the shadow of the lantern and waited, while the man examined t'other.

"I do not know if this is our man," says he, "but 'tis enough if he be guilty."

"Who is your man?" asked I, emboldened by this ignorance.

"'Tis Dick Ryder," says he; "we tracked him as far as Liphook, but the one that could speak to him has been detained by a fall at the village."

"Why, this is he," said I in triumph. "Did he not confess to being Ryder?" I asked of the others, for by this the old gentleman and his lady were both with us.

"Certainly. I will swear to it," says the old fellow.

"I heard him with these ears say he was Ryder."

"Then is our business done," says the trap, "and I'm not sorry, considering the night," and his men surrounded my man and seized him. His face was as pale as the snow, and he had a horrid, frightened look. Maybe he was some attorney's clerk that had robbed his master and was in flight. I cared not, and I never knew; and he went off silent with his captors on the way to the Triple Beam, which he deserved for a bungling, bragging nincompoop.

But now we were alone, and the guineas and the jewels were in my pockets. Lord, I love the jingle of 'em, and so I took my counsel forthwith.

"Sir," says I to the old gentleman, "here be your purse and your papers; and to you, sir," says I to Harringay, "I restore the smelling salts that is your charge. Miss, this, I'll warrant, is your jewels, the which I would advise you to place in a better security than heretofore. And now justice is done, and we conclude with a merry evening."

"But where is my purse?" says Harringay in an amazed voice. "My purse with fifty guineas."

"Why, your purse must be where your heart is—in your boots," says I contemptuously, and called to the coachman.

"Give me that nag," says I.

And before he understood I was on that beast, and, doffing to Miss and her mother, rode off into the snowing night with a peal of laughter.

# THE BORDERLAND

By WINSTON CHURCHILL, *Author of "The Crisis"*

## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

THE BORDERLAND, begun in Collier's for December 5, deals with the Louisiana Purchase period, and is the complete story of George Rogers Clark's famous campaign of Kaskaskia and Vincennes. It tells of the life of those pioneers who, under Clark's leadership, captured from the British and savages that great territory which now comprises the States of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. The story is told by David Ritchie, a canny youngster of Scotch descent, who, left an orphan, drifted with the tide across the Alleghenies, saw the brutalities of the fighting in the log forts, and went with Clark's men to Kaskaskia and Vincennes. At the opening of the story, David is living with his father in the Blue Ridge country. News reaches them that the Cherokees are on the warpath, and Ritchie decides to join in fighting the enemy. He first takes his son to Charlestown, there placing him under the care of one Temple. When David learns that his father has been killed by the Indians, he joins a backwoodsman traveling with his granddaughter, Polly Ann, toward their cabin in the Blue Ridge. After the three have been settled there for some time, Polly Ann's lover, Tom McChesney, unexpectedly returns from an Indian campaign. He loses no time in marrying the girl. With David as their companion, the McChesney couple begin a journey across the mountains, in the course of which they are attacked by Indians, David and Polly doing some execution with firearms. They are rescued by a party of backwoodsmen under George Rogers Clark, with whom they proceed to Harrodstown, Kentucky.

## CHAPTER X.—Harrodstown

THE old forts like Harrodstown and Boonesboro and Logan's at St. Asaph's have long since passed away. It is many, many years since I lived through that summer of siege in Harrodstown; the horrors of it are faded and dim, the discomforts lost to a boy thrilled with a new experience. I have read in my old age the books of travelers in Kentucky, English and French, who wrote much of squalor and strife and sin and little of those qualities that go to the conquest of an empire and the making of a people. Perchance my own pages may be colored by gratitude and love for the pioneers among whom I found myself, and thankfulness to God that we had reached them alive.

I know not how many had been cooped up in the little fort since the early spring awaiting the chance to go back to their weed-choked clearings. The fort at Harrodstown was like a hundred others I have since seen, but sufficiently surprising to me then. Imagine a great parallelogram made of log cabins set end to end, their common outside wall being the wall of the fort, and loop-holed. At the four corners of the parallelogram the cabins jutted out, with ports in the angle in order to give a flanking fire in case the savages reached the palisade. And then there were huge log gates with watch-towers on either side, where sentries sat day and night scanning the forest line. Within the fort was a big common dotted with forest trees, where such cattle as had been saved browsed on the scanty grass. There had been but the one scrawny horse before our arrival.

And the settlers! How shall I describe them as they crowded around us inside the gate? Some stared at us

with sallow faces and eyes brightened by the fever, yet others had the red glow of health. Many of the men wore rough beards, unkempt, and yellow, weather-worn hunting shirts often stained with blood. The barefooted women wore sunbonnets and loose homespun gowns, some of linen made from nettles, while the children swarmed here and there and everywhere in any costume that chance had given them. All seemingly talking at once, they plied us with question after question of the trace, the Watauga settlements, the news in the Carolinians, and how the war went.

"A lad is it, this one," said an Irish voice near me, "and a woman! The dear help us, and who'd 'ave thought to see a woman come over the mountain this year! Where did ye find them, Bill Cowan?"

"Near the Crab Orchard, and the lad killed and scalped a six-foot brave."

"The saints save us! And what'll be his name?"

"Davy," said my friend.

"Is it Davy? Sure his namesake killed a giant, too."

"And is he come along, also?" said another. His shy blue eyes and stiff blond hair gave him a strange appearance in a hunting shirt.

"Hist to him! Who will ye be talkin' about, Poulson? Is it King David ye mane?"

There was a roar of laughter, and this was my introduction to Terence McCann and Sween Poulson. The fort being crowded, we were put into a cabin with Terence and Cowan and Cowan's wife—a tall, gaunt woman with a sharp tongue and a kind heart—and her four brats, "All hugemug together," as Cowan said. And that night we supped upon dried buffalo meat and boiled nettle-tops, for of such was the fare in Harrodstown that summer.

"Tom McChesney kept his faith." One other man was to keep his faith with the little community—George Rogers Clark. And I soon learned that trustworthiness is held in greater esteem in a border community than anywhere else. Of course, the love of the frontier was in the grain of these men. But what did



OFTEN DID I SIT WITH POLLY ANN IN THE TOWER

they come back to? Day after day would the sun rise over the forest and beat down upon the little inclosure in which we were penned. The row of cabins leaning against the stockade marked the boundaries of our diminutive world. Beyond them, invisible, lurked a relentless foe. Within, the greater souls alone were calm, and a man's worth was set down to a hair's breadth. Some were always to be found squatting on their doorsteps cursing the hour which had seen them depart for this land; some wrestled and fought on the common, for a fist fight with a fair field and no favor was a favorite amusement of the backwoodsmen. My big friend, Cowan, was the champion of these, and often of an evening the whole of the inhabitants would gather near the spring to see him fight those who had the courage to stand up to him. His muscles were like hickory wood, and I have known a man insensible for a quarter of an hour after one of his blows. Strangely enough, he never fought in anger, and was the first to the spring for a gourd of water after the fight was over. But Tom McChesney was the best wrestler of the lot, and could make a wider leap than any man in Harrodstown.

Tom's reputation did not end there, for he became one of the two breadwinners of the station. I would better have said meatwinners. Woe be to the incautious who, lulled by a week of fancied security, ventured out into the disheveled field for a little food! And in the early days of the siege man after man had gone forth for game never to return. Until Tom came, one

only had been successful,—that lad of seventeen, whose achievements were the envy of my boyish soul, James Ray. He slept in the cabin next to Cowan's, and, long before the dawn had revealed the forest line, had been wont to steal out of the gates on the one scrawny horse the Indians had left them, gain the Salt River, and make his way thence through the water to some distant place where the listening savages could not hear his shot. And now Tom took his turn. Often did I sit with Polly Ann till midnight in the sentry's tower straining my ears for the owl's hoot that warned us of his coming. Sometimes he was empty-handed, but sometimes a deer hung limp and black across his saddle, or a pair of turkeys swung from his shoulder.

"Arrah, darlin'," said Terence to Polly Ann, "'tis yer husband and James is the jools av the fort. Sure I niver loved me father as I do him."

I would have given kingdoms in those days to have been seventeen and James Ray. When he was in the fort I dogged his footsteps, and listened with a painful yearning to the stories of his escapes from the roving bands. And as many a character is watered in its growth by hero-worship, so my own grew firmer in the contemplation of Ray's resourcefulness. My strange life had far removed me from lads of my own age, and he took a fancy to me, perhaps because of the very persistence of my devotion to him. I cleaned his gun, filled his powder flask, and ran to do his every bidding.

I used in the hot summer days to lie under the elm tree and listen to the settlers talk about a man named Henderson who had bought a great part of Kentucky from the Indians, and had gone out with Boone to found Boonesboro some two years before. They spoke of much that I did not understand concerning the discountenance of Virginia of these claims, speculating as to whether Henderson's grants were good. For some of them held these grants, and others Virginia grants—a fruitful source of quarrel between them. Some spoke, too, of Washington and his ragged soldiers going up and down the old colonies and fighting for a freedom which there seemed little chance of getting. But their anger seemed to blaze most fiercely when they spoke of a mysterious British general named Hamilton, whom they called "the ha'r-buyer," and who from his stronghold in the north country across the great Ohio sent down these hordes of savages to harry us. I learned to hate Hamilton with the rest, and pictured him with the visage of a fiend. We laid at his door every outrage that had happened at the three stations, and put upon him the blood of those who had been carried off to torture in the Indian villages of the northern forests. And when—amid great excitement—a spent runner would arrive from Boonesboro or St. Asaph's and beg Mr. Clark for a squad it was commonly with the first breath that came into his body that he cursed Hamilton.

So the summer wore away, while we lived from hand to mouth on such scanty fare as the two of them shot and what we could venture to gather in the unkempt fields near the gates. A winter of famine lurked ahead, and men were goaded near to madness at the thought of clearings made and corn planted in the spring without reach of their hands, as it were, and they might not harvest it. At length, when a fortnight had passed, and Tom and Ray had gone forth day after day without sight or fresh signs of Indians, the weight lifted from our hearts. There were many things that might yet be planted and come to maturity before the late Kentucky frosts.

The pressure within the fort, like a flood, opened the gates of it, despite the sturdily disapproving figure of a young man who stood silent under the sentry box, leaning on his Deekard. He was Colonel George Rogers Clark,\* Commander-in-chief of the backwoods-men of Kentucky, whose power was reinforced by that strange thing called an education. It was this, no doubt, gave him command of words when he chose to use them.

"Faith," said Terence, as we passed him, "'tis a foine man he is, and a gentleman born. Wasn't it him gathered the Convintion here in Harrodstown last year that chose him and another to go to the Virginia Legislature? And him but a lad, ye might say. The devil fly away with his caution! Sure the redskins is as toired as us, and gone home to the wives and childher, bad cess to him."

And so the first day the gates were opened we went into the fields a little way; and the next day a little further. They had once seemed to me an unexplored and forbidden country as I searched them with my eyes from the sentry boxes. And yet I felt a shame to go with Polly Ann and Mrs. Cowan and the women while James Ray and Tom sat with the guard of men between us and the forest line. Like a child on a holiday, Polly Ann flew hither and thither among the stalks, her black hair flying and a song on her lips.

"Soon we'll be having a little home of our own, Davy," she cried; "Tom has the place chose on a little knoll by the river, and the land is rich with hickory and pawpaw. I reckon we may be going there next week."

Caution being born into me with all the strength of a vise, I said nothing. Whereupon she seized me in her strong hands and shook me.

"Ye little imp!" said she, while the women paused in their work to laugh at us.

"The boy is right, Polly Ann," said Mrs. Harrod, "and he's got more sense than most of the men in the fort."

"Ay, that he has," the gaunt Mrs. Cowan put in, eyeing me fiercely, while she gave one of her own offsprings a slap that sent him spinning.

Whatever Polly Ann might have said would have been to the point, but it was lost, for just then the sound of a shot came down the wind, and a half a score of women stampeded through the stalks, carrying me down like a reed before them. When I staggered to my feet Polly Ann and Mrs. Cowan and Mrs. Harrod were standing alone. For there was little of fear in those three.

"Shucks!" said Mrs. Cowan, "I reckon it's that Jim

Ray shooting at a mark," and she began to pick nettles again.

"Wimmen is a shy critter," remarked Swein Poulsson, coming up. I had a shrewd notion that he had run with the others.

"Wimmen!" Mrs. Cowan fairly roared. "Wimmen! Tell us how ye went in March with the boys to fight the varmints at the Sugar Orchard, Swein?"

We all laughed, for we loved him none the less. His little blue eyes were perfectly solemn as he answered.

"Ve send you fight Injuns mit your tongue, Mrs. Cowan. Then we haf no more troubles."

"Land of Canaan!" cried she, "I reckon I could do more harm with it than you with a gun."

There were many such false alarms in the bright days following, and never a bullet sped from the shadow of the forest. Each day we went further afield, and each night trooped merrily in through the gates with hopes of homes and clearings rising in our hearts—until the motionless figure of the young Virginian met our eye. It was then that men began to scoff at him behind his back, though some spoke with sufficient backwoods bluntness to his face. And yet he gave no sign of anger or impatience. Not so the other leaders. No sooner did the danger seem past than bitter strife sprang up within the walls. Even the two captains were mortal enemies. One was Harrod, a tall, spare, dark-haired man of great endurance—a type of the best that conquered the land for the nation; the other, that Hugh McGary of whom I have spoken, coarse and brutal, if you like, but fearless and a leader of men withal.

A certain Sunday morning, I remember, broke with a cloud-flecked sky, and as we were preparing to go afield with such plows as could be got together (we



A DOZEN BRONZE FORMS GLIDED ACROSS MY PATH

were to sow turnips) the loud sounds of a quarrel came from the elm at the spring. With one accord men and women and children flocked thither, and as we ran we heard McGary's voice above the rest. Worming my way, boylike, through the crowd, I came upon McGary and Harrod glaring at each other in the centre of it.

"By Job! there's no devil if I'll stand back from my clearing and waste the rest of the summer for the fears of a pack of cowards. I'll take a posse and march to Shawnee Springs this day, and see any man a fair fight that tries to stop me."

"And who's in command here?" demanded Harrod. "I am, for one," said McGary, with an oath, "and my corn's on the ear. I've held back long enough, I tell you, and I'll starve this winter for you nor any one else."

Harrod turned. "Where's Clark?" he said to Bowman.

"Clark!" roared McGary, "Clark be hanged. Ye'd think he was a woman." He strode up to Harrod until their faces almost touched, and his voice shook with the intensity of his anger. "By Heaven, you nor Clark nor any one else will stop me, I say!" He swung around and faced the people. "Come on, boys! We'll fetch that corn, or know the reason why."

A responding murmur showed that the bulk of them were with him. Weary of the pent-up life, longing for action, and starved for a good meal, the anger of his many followers against Clark and Harrod was high as great as his. He started roughly to shoulder his way out, and whether from accident or design Captain Harrod slipped in front of him, I never knew. The thing that followed happened quickly as the catching of my breath. I saw McGary powdering his pan, and Harrod his, and felt the crowd giving back like buffalo. All at once the circle had vanished, and the two men were standing not five paces apart with their rifles clutched across their bodies, each watching, catlike, for the other to level. It was a cry that startled us—and them. There was a vision of a woman flying across the common, and we saw the dauntless Mrs. Harrod snatching her husband's gun from his resisting hands. So she saved his life and McGary's.

At this point Colonel Clark was seen coming from the gate. When he got to Harrod and McGary the quarrel blazed up again, but now it was between the three of them, and Clark took Harrod's rifle from Mrs. Harrod and held it. However, it was presently decided that McGary should wait one more day before going to his clearing; whereupon the gates were opened, the picked men going ahead to take station as a guard, and soon we were hard at work, plowing here and mowing there, and in another place putting seed in the ground: in the cheer of the work hardships were forgotten, and we paused now and again to laugh at some sally of Terence McCann's or odd word of Swein Poulsson's. As the day wore on to afternoon a blue haze—harbinger of autumn—settled over fort and forest. Bees hummed in the air as they searched hither and

thither among the flowers, or shot straight as a bullet for a distant hive. But presently a rifle cracked, and we raised our heads.

"Hist!" said Terence, "the boys on watch is that warlike! Whin there's no redskins to kill they must be wastin' good powder on a three."

I leaped upon a stump and scanned the line of sentries between us and the woods; only their heads and shoulders appeared above the rank growth. I saw them looking from one to another questioningly, some shouting words I could not hear. Then I saw some running; and next, as I stood there wondering, came another crack, and then a volley like the noise of a great fire licking into dry wood, and things that were not bees humming round about. A distant man in a yellow hunting shirt stumbled and was drowned in the tangle as in water. Around me men dropped plow-handles and women baskets, and as we ran our legs grew numb and our bodies cold at a sound which had haunted us in dreams by night—the war-whoop. The deep and guttural song of it rose and fell with a horrid fierceness. An agonized voice was in my ears, and I halted, ashamed. It was Polly Ann's.

"Davy!" she cried, "Davy, have ye seen Tom?"

Two men dashed by. I seized one by the fringe of his shirt, and he flung me from my feet. The other leaped me as I stood.

"Run, ye fools!" he shouted. But we stood still, with yearning eyes staring back through the frantic forms for a sight of Tom's.

"I'll go back!" I cried, "I'll go back for him. Do you run to the fort." For suddenly I seemed to forget my fear, nor did even the hideous notes of the scalp halloo disturb me. Before Polly Ann could catch me I had turned and started, stumbled—I thought on a stump—and fallen, headlong among the nettles with a stinging pain in my leg. Staggering to my feet, I tried to run on, fell again, and putting down my hand found it smeared with blood. A man came by, paused an instant while his eye caught me, and ran on again. I shall remember his face and name to my dying day; but there is no reason to put it down here. In a few seconds space as I lay I suffered all the pains of captivity and of death by torture, that cry of savage man a hundred times more frightful than savage beast sounding in my ears, and plainly nearer now by half the first distance. Nearer, and nearer yet—and then I heard my name called. I was lifted from the ground, and found myself in the lithe arms of Polly Ann.

"Set me down!" I screamed, "set me down!" and must have added some of the curses I had heard in the fort. But she clutched me tightly (God bless the memory of those frontier women!) and flew like a deer toward the gates. Over her shoulder I glanced back. A spare three hundred yards away in a ragged line a hundred red devils were bounding after us with feathers flying and mouths open as they yelled. Again I cried to her to set me down; but though her heart beat faster and her breath came shorter, she held me the tighter. Second by second they gained on us, relentlessly. Were we near the fort? Hoarse shouts answered the question, but they seemed distant—too distant. The savages were gaining, and Polly Ann's breath quicker still. She staggered, but the brave soul had no thought to falter. I had a sight of a man on a plow horse with dangling harness coming up from somewhere, of the man leaping off, of ourselves being pitched on the animal's bony back and clinging there at the gallop, the man running at the side. Shots whistled over our heads, and here was the brown fort. Its big gates swung together as we dashed through the narrow opening. Then, as he lifted us off, I knew that the man who had saved us was Tom himself. The gates closed with a bang, and a patter of bullets beat against them like rain.

Through the shouting and confusion came a cry in a voice I knew, now pleading, now commanding.

"Open! open! For God's sake open!"

"It's Ray! Open for Ray! Ray's out!"

Some were seizing the bar to thrust it back when the heavy figure of McGary crushed into the crowd beside it.

"By Job, I'll shoot the man that touches it!" he shouted, as he tore them away. But the sturdiest of them went again to it and cursed him. And while they fought backward and forward, the lad's mother, Mrs. Ray, cried out to them to open in tones to rend their hearts. But McGary had gained the bar and swore (perhaps wisely) that he would not sacrifice the station for one man. Where was Ray?

Where was Ray, indeed? It seemed as if no man might live in the hellish storm that raged without the walls: as if the very impetus of hate and fury would carry the savages over the stockade to murder us. Into the turmoil at the gate came Colonel Clark, sending the disputants this way and that to defend the fort, McGary to command one quarter, Harrod and Bowman another, and every man that could be found to a loophole, while Mrs. Ray continued to run up and down, wringing her hands, now facing one man, now another. Some of her words came to me, shrilly, above the noise.

"He fed you—he fed you. Oh, my God, and you are grateful—grateful! When you were starving he risked his life—"

Torn by anxiety for my friend, I dragged myself into the nearest cabin, and a man was fighting there in the half-light at the port. The huge figure I knew to be my friend Cowan's, and when he drew back to load I seized his arm, shouting Ray's name. Although the lead was pattering on the other side of the logs, Cowan lifted me to the port. And there, stretched on the ground behind a stump, within twenty feet of the walls, was James. Even as I looked the puffs of dust at his side showed that the savages knew his refuge. I saw him level and fire, and then Bill Cowan set me down and began to ram in a charge with tremendous energy.

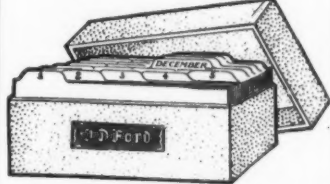
Was there no way to save Ray? I stood, turning this problem in my mind, subconsciously aware of Cowan's movements, of his yells when he thought he had made a shot, when Polly Ann appeared at the doorway. Darting in, she fairly hauled me to the shake-down in the far corner.

"Will ye bleed to death, Davy?" she cried, as she

\* It appears that Mr. Clark had not yet received the title of Colonel. This is undoubtedly a lapse of Mr. Ritchie's memory. EDITOR.



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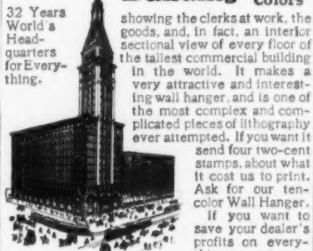
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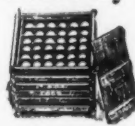
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## PATENTS

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FRANKLIN H. HOUGH, Atlantic Bldg., Washington, D. C.

shipped off my legging and bent over the wound. Her eye lighting on a gourdful of water on the punchon table, she tore off a strip of her dress and washed and bound me deftly. The bullet was in the flesh, and gave me no great pain.

"Lie there, ye imp!" she commanded, when she had finished.

"Some one's under the bed," said I, for I had heard a movement.

In an instant we were down on our knees on the hard dirt floor, and there was a man's foot in a moccasin! We both grabbed it and pulled, bringing to life a person with little blue eyes and stiff blond hair.

"Swein Poulsson!" exclaimed Polly Ann, giving him an involuntary kick, "may the devil give ye shame!"

Swein Poulsson rose to a sitting position and clasped his knees in his hands.

"I haf one great fright," said he.

"Send him into the common with the women in yere place, Mis' McChesney," growled Cowan, who was loading.

"By tam!" said Swein Poulsson, leaping to his feet, "I will stay here and fight. I am grave once again." Stooping down, he searched under the bed, pulled out his rifle, powdered the pan, and, flying to the other port, fired. At that Cowan left his post and snatched the rifle from Poulsson's hands.

"Ye're but wasting powder," he cried angrily.

"Then, by tam, I am as vell under the bed," said Poulsson. "Vat can I do?"

I had it.

"Dig!" I shouted; and seizing the astonished Cowan's tomahawk from his belt I set to work furiously chopping at the dirt beneath the log wall. "Dig, so that James can get under."

Cowan gave me the one look, swore a mighty oath, and leaping to the fort shouted to Ray in a thundering voice what we were doing.

"Dig!" roared Cowan. "Dig, for the love of God, for he can't hear me."

The three of us set to work with all our might, Poulsson making great holes in the ground at every stroke, Polly Ann scraping at the dirt with the gourd. Two feet below the surface we struck the edge of the lowest log, and then it was Poulsson who got into the hole with his hunting knife—perspiring, muttering to himself, working as one possessed with a fury, while we scraped out the dirt from under him. At length, after what seemed an age of staring at his legs, the ground caved on him, and he would have smothered if we had not dragged him out by the heels, sputtering and all powdered brown. But there was the daylight under the log.

Again Cowan shouted at Ray, and again, but he did not understand. It was then the miracle happened. I have seen brave men and cowards since, and I am as far as ever from distinguishing them. Before we knew it Poulsson was in the hole once more—had wriggled out of it on the other side, and was squirming in a hail of bullets toward Ray. There was a full minute of suspense—perhaps two—during which the very rifles of the fort were silent (though the popping in the weeds was redoubled), and then the barrel of a Deckard was poked through the hole. After it came James Ray himself, and lastly Poulsson, and a great shout went out from the loopholes and was taken up by the women in the common.

Swein Poulsson had become a hero, nor was he willing to lose any of the glamour which was a hero's right. As the Indians' fire slackened, he went from cabin to cabin, and if its occupants failed to mention the exploit (some did fail so to do, out of mischief), Swein would say:

"You did not see me save James, no? I will tell you joost how."

It never leaked out that Swein was first of all under the bed, for Polly Ann and Bill Cowan and myself swore to keep the secret. But they told how I had thought of digging the hole under the logs—a happy circumstance which got me a reputation for wisdom beyond my years. There was a certain Scotchman at Harrodstown called McAndrew, and it was he gave me the nickname "Canny Davy," and I grew to have a sort of precocious fame in the station. Often Captain Harrod or Bowman or some of the others would pause in their arguments and say gravely, "What does Davy think of it?" This was not good for a boy, and the wonder of it is that it did not make me altogether insupportable. One effect it had on me—to make me long even more earnestly to be a man.

The impulse of my reputation led me further. A fortnight of more inactivity followed, and then we ventured out into the fields once more. But I went with the guard this time, not with the women—thanks to a whim the men had for humoring me.

"Arrah, and beant he a man all but two feet," said Terence, "wid more brain than me an' Bill Cowan and Poulsson together? 'Tis a fox's nose Davy has for the divils, Bill. Sure he can smell thin the same as you an' me kin see the red paint on their faces."

"I reckon that's true," said Bill Cowan with solemnity, and so he carried me off.

At length the cattle were turned out to browse greedily through the clearing, while

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we lay in the woods by the forest and listened to the sound of their bells; but when they strayed too far, I was often sent to drive them back. Once when this happened I followed them to the shade at the edge of the woods, for it was noon, and the sun beat down fiercely. And there I sat for some time watching them as they lashed their sides with their tails and pawed the ground, for experience is a good master. Whether or not the flies were all that troubled them I could not tell, and no sound save the tinkle of their bells broke the noonday stillness. Making a circle I drove them back toward the fort, much troubled in mind. I told Cowan, but he laughed and said it was the flies. Yet I was not satisfied, and finally stole back again to the place where I had found them. I sat a long time hidden at the edge of the forest, listening until my imagination tricked me into hearing those noises which I feared and yet longed for. Trembling, I stole a little further in the shade of the woods, and then a little further still. The leaves rustled in the summer's breeze, patches of sunlight flickered on the mould, the birds twittered, and the squirrels scolded. A chipmunk frightened me as he flew chattering along the log. And yet I went on. I came to the creek as it flowed silently in the shade, stepped in, and made my way slowly down it, I know not how far, walking in the water, my eye alert to every movement about me. At length I stopped and caught my breath. Before me, in a glade opening out under great trees, what seemed a myriad of forked sticks were piled against one another, three by three, and it struck me all in a heap that I had come upon a great encampment. But the skeletons of the pyramid tents alone remained. Where were the skins? Was the camp deserted?

For a while I stared through the brier leaves, then I took a venture, pushed on, and found myself in the midst of the place. It must have held near a thousand warriors. All about me were gray heaps of ashes, and bones of deer and elk and buffalo scattered, some picked clean, some with the meat and hide sticking to them. Impelled by a strong fascination, I went hither and thither until a sound brought me to a stand—the echoing crack of a distant rifle. On the heels of it came another, then several together, and a faint shouting borne on the light wind. Terrorized, I sought for shelter. A pile of brush underlain by ashes was by, and I crept into that. The sounds continued, but seemed to come no nearer, and, my courage returning, I got out again and ran wildly through the camp toward the briers on the creek, expecting every moment to be tumbled headlong by a bullet. And when I reached the briers, what between panting and the thumping of my heart I could for a few moments hear nothing. Then I ran on again up the creek, heedless of cover, stumbling over logs and trailing vines, when all at once a dozen bronze forms glided with the speed of deer across my path ahead. They splashed over the creek and were gone. Bewildered with fear, I dropped under a fallen tree. Shouts were in my ears, and the noise of men running. I stood up, and there, not twenty paces away, was Colonel Clark himself, rushing toward me. He halted with a cry, raised his rifle, and dropped it at the sight of my queer little figure covered with ashes.

"My God!" he cried, "it's Davy."

"They crossed the creek," I shouted, pointing the way, "they crossed the creek, some twelve of them."

"Ay," he said, staring at me, and by this time the rest of the guard were come up; they too stared with different exclamations on their lips—Cowan and Bowman and Tom McChesney and Terence McCann in front.

"And there's a great camp below," I went on, "deserted, where a thousand men have been."

"A camp—deserted?" said Clark, quickly.

"Yes," I said, "yes." But he had already started forward and seized me by the arm.

"Lead on," he cried, "show it to us." He went ahead with me, traveling so fast that I must needs run to keep up, and fairly lifting me over the logs. But when we came in sight of the place he darted forward alone and went through it like a bound on the trail. The others followed him, crying out at the size of the place and poking among the ashes. At length they all took up the trail for a way down the creek. Presently Clark called a halt.

"I reckon that they've made for the Ohio," he said. And at this judgment from him the guard gave a cheer that might almost have been heard in the fields around the fort. The terror that had hovered over us all that long summer was lifted at last.

You may be sure that Cowan carried me back to the station. "To think it was Davy that found it!" he cried again and again, "to think it was Davy found it!"

And wasn't it me that said he could smell the devils," said Terence, as he circled around us in a mimic war-dance. And when from the fort they saw us coming across the fields they opened the gates in astonishment, and on hearing the news gave themselves over to the wildest rejoicing. For the backwoods-men were children of nature. Bill Cowan ran for the fiddle which he had carried so carefully over the mountain, and that night we had jigs and reels on the common while the best fellow played "Billy of the Wild Woods" and "Jump Jubba," with all his might, and the pine knots threw their fitful, red light on the wild scenes of merriment. I must have cut a queer little figure as I sat between Cowan and Tom watching the dance, for presently Colonel Clark came up to us, laughing in his quiet way.

"Davy," said he, "there is another great man here who would like to see you," and led me away wondering. I went with him toward the gate, burning all over with pride at this attention, and beside a torch there a broad-shouldered figure was standing, at sight of whom I had a start of remembrance.

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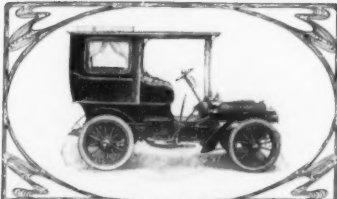
"At that time my weight was 142 and I was taking all kinds of drugs and medicines to brace me up but all failed; to-day I weigh 165 and all of my old troubles are gone, and all the credit is due to having followed this wise physician's advice and cut off the coffee and using Postum in its place.

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possible for me to write these books.  
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I traced out the causes that bring on chronic diseases.  
I found invariably that where there was a weak-  
ness, the inside nerves were weak.  
Where there was a lack of vitality, that the vital  
nerves lacked power.  
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weak nerves.  
Not the nerves commonly thought of, but the vital  
organs' nerves. The inside—the invisible nerves.  
This was a revelation.  
Then my real success began.  
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—that would vitalize the nerves.  
That prescription I called a restorative. It is  
known the world over now as Dr. Shoop's Restorative.  
After that I did not fail to cure one in each hundred.  
In the extremely difficult cases, my failures for five  
years were only one in each forty treated. I found  
cancer incurable. Cancer is for surgery, not medi-  
cine.  
Then how to get this prescription to the sick ones  
everywhere was my thought.  
I must announce it in the public press. But,  
thought I, will they realize the real truth of my dis-  
covery—the real power of Dr. Shoop's Restorative?  
Then a way came to me—like an inspiration.  
"I will offer it to the sick on trial," said I. "Then  
they will know I am sincere."  
I wrote a reliable druggist in each city and village  
in America.  
I got their agreement to co-operate with me.

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two bottles. At druggists.

"Do you know who that is, Davy?" said  
Colonel Clark.

"It's Mr. Daniel Boone," said L.

"By thunder," said Clark, "I believe the  
boy is a wizard," while Mr. Boone's broad  
mouth was creased into a smile, and there  
was a trace of astonishment, too, in his  
kindly eye.

"Mr. Boone came to my father's cabin on  
the Yaddin once," I said; "he taught me to  
skin a deer."

"Ay, that I did," exclaimed Mr. Boone,  
"and I said ye'd make a woodsman some-  
time."

Mr. Boone, it seemed, had come over from  
Boonesboro to consult with Colonel Clark  
on certain matters, and had but just arrived.  
But so modest was he that he would not let  
it be known that he was in the station for  
fear of interrupting the pleasure. He was  
much the same as I had known him, only  
grown older, and his reputation now in-  
creased to vastness. He and Clark sat on  
a door log talking for a long time on Ken-  
tucky matters, the strength of the forts, the  
prospect of new settlers that autumn, of the  
British policy, and finally of a journey which  
Colonel Clark was soon to make back to Vir-  
ginia across the mountains. They seemed  
not to mind my presence. At length Colonel  
Clark turned to me with that quiet, jocose  
way he had when relaxed.

"Davy," said he, "we'll see how much of a  
general you are. What would you do if a  
scoundrel named Hamilton far away at De-  
troit was bribing all the redskins he could  
find north of the Ohio to come down and  
scalp your men?"

"I'd go for Hamilton," I answered.  
"By God!" exclaimed Clark, striking Mr.  
Boone on the knee, "that's what I'd do."

### CHAPTER XI.—Fragmentary

MR. BOONE'S visit lasted  
but a day. I was a great  
deal with Colonel Clark in  
the few weeks that followed be-  
fore his departure for Virginia.

He held himself a little aloof (as a leader  
should) from the captains in the station,  
without seeming to offend them. But he  
had a fancy for James Ray and for me, and  
he often took me into the woods with him by  
day, and talked with me of an evening.

"I'm going away to Virginia, Davy," he  
said; "will you not go with me? We'll see  
Williamsburg, and come back in the spring,  
and I'll have you a little rifle made."

My look must have been wistful.

"I can't leave Polly Ann and Tom," I an-  
swered.

"Well," he said, "I like that. Faith to  
your friends is a big equipment for life."

"But why are you going?" I asked.

"Because I love Kentucky best of all things  
in the world," he answered, smiling.

"And what are you going to do?" I insisted.

"Ah," he said, "that I can't tell even to  
you."

"To catch Hamilton?" I ventured at ran-  
dom.

He looked at me queerly.

"Would you go along, Davy?" said he,  
laughing now.

"Would you take Tom?"

"Among the first," answered Colonel Clark  
heartily.

We were seated under the elm near the  
spring, and at that instant I saw Tom com-  
ing toward us. I jumped up, thinking to  
please him by this intelligence, when Colonel  
Clark pulled me down again.

"Davy," said he, almost roughly I thought,  
"remember that we have been joking. Do  
you understand?—joking. You have a tongue  
in your mouth, but sense enough in your head,  
I believe, to hold it." He turned to Tom.

"McChesney, this is a queer lad you brought  
us," said he.

"He's a little devil," I agreed Tom, for that  
had become a formula with him.

It was all very mysterious to me, and I lay  
awake many a night with curiosity, trying to  
solve a puzzle that was none of my business.

And one day, to cap the matter, two wood-  
smen arrived at Harrodstown with clothes  
frayed and bodies lean from a long journey.

Not one of the hundred questions with which  
they were beset would they answer, nor say  
where they had been or why, save that they  
had carried out certain orders of Clark, who  
was locked up with them in a cabin for sev-  
eral hours.

The first of October, the day of Colonel  
Clark's departure, dawned crisp and clear.

He was to take with him the disheartened  
and the cowed, the weaklings who loved  
neither work nor exposure nor danger. And  
before he set out of the gate he made a little  
speech to the assembled people.

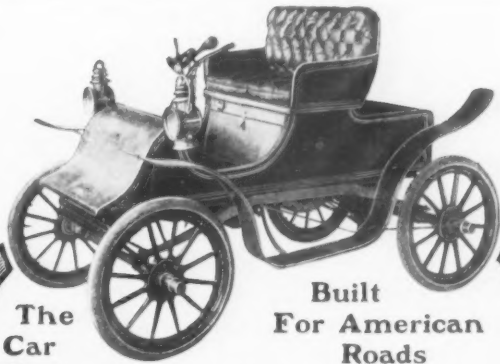
"My friends," he said, "you know me. I  
put the interests of Kentucky before my  
own. Last year when I left to represent her  
at Williamsburg there were some who said  
I would desert her. It was for her sake I  
made that journey, suffered the tortures of  
hell from scalded feet, was near to dying in  
the mountains. It was for her sake that I  
importuned the governor and council for  
powder and lead, and when they refused it  
I said to them: 'Gentlemen, a country that is  
not worth defending is not worth claiming.'"

At these words the settlers gave a great  
shout, waving their coonskin hats in the air.

"Ay, that ye did," cried Bill Cowan, "and  
got the ammunition."

"I made that journey for her sake, I say,"  
Colonel Clark continued, "and even so I am  
making this one. I pray you trust me, and  
God bless and keep you while I am gone."

He did not forget to speak to me as he  
walked between our lines, and told me to be  
a good boy and that he would see me in the  
spring. Some of the women shed tears as  
he passed through the gate, and many of us  
climbed to sentry box and cabin roof that



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we might see the last of the little company wending its way across the fields. A motley company it was, the refuse of the station, headed by its cherished captain. So they started back over the weary road that led to that now far-away land of civilization and safety.

During the soft Indian summer, when the sharper lines of nature are softened by the haze, some came to us from across the mountains to make up for the deserts. From time to time a little group would straggle to the gates of the station, weary and footsore, but overjoyed at the sight of white faces again: the fathers walking ahead with watchful eyes, the women and older children driving the horses, and the babies slung to the pack in hickory withes. The Indians were still abroad, but in small war parties darted hither and thither with incredible swiftness. And at night we would gather at the fire around our new emigrants to listen to the stories they had to tell.

TO BE CONTINUED

## NOTES OF PROGRESS IN SCIENCE AND INVENTION

### Electricity in Gardening

A EUROPEAN scientist, while drying by electricity an ingot mold buried in the earth, noticed that earth-worms were coming out of the ground as fast as they could and hurrying away from the vicinity of the electric disturbance, which seemed to excite them greatly.

Working on this, Herr Halberger tried other experiments to determine the exact effect of electricity on earth inhabitants. One experiment consisted in burying a terminal of a 110-volt circuit in the earth, and as soon as the switch was closed every worm and underground insect within a radius of a yard or two came to the surface and made haste to leave the infested zone. Elaborating again, he planted several electrodes a couple of yards from one another, and in that way a considerable tract of land was cleared entirely of creeping and crawling things.

It has been suggested many times that it might be possible to hasten and increase the growth of plants by the application of electricity, and if to this can be added the destruction of the vermin which attack the roots, it might pay farmers to install electric generating stations for the treatment of their growing crops.

### An Unsolved Mystery

IT IS a most unpleasant truth that during the last thirty years the death rate from cancer has nearly doubled, and that as yet there has been no effective treatment found for it.

In England and Wales in the year 1876, out of every thousand deaths, twenty-three were from cancer, while in 1899 this had increased to forty-six per thousand, and the proportion is still increasing with greater rapidity. The foregoing considers the sexes together, but when we separate the statistics we find that women are much more subject than men. In 1899, thirty-four deaths out of every thousand for men, and fifty-six out of every thousand for women, was cancer's record. Cancer is at present perhaps the worst disease that attacks adults of mature years, those under twenty-five years being practically free from it, and as yet no cause can be definitely assigned.

During a good many years, the opinion has been stated by physicians that cancer can be caused by too much meat eating, or by an overfed condition, accompanied by indolence, and statistics seem to bear out this conclusion.

### The Power of Thermit

IF iron oxide be mixed with metallic aluminum, in proper proportion, and chemical combination be started by the application of heat locally, the iron oxide will be reduced to pure iron and the aluminum will combine with the freed oxygen, forming aluminum oxide or alumina. This reaction is accompanied by a very great evolution of heat, which leaves the molten mass in the crucible at a temperature estimated to be about five thousand four hundred degrees Fahrenheit, far above the temperature of the electric arc.

This method of heat production can be used to great advantage in welding car rails, pipes, rods, in fact anything, as the requisite for welding is high temperature locally applied. The weld can be made in two ways, by casting a mass of molten iron around the joint and letting it harden there, or by heating the ends to be joined to a white heat and pressing them together.

If two rails are to be welded by the first method the ends are brought together inside a mold, and a crucible of "Thermit," as the mixture is called, is held over an opening in it. The reaction is started and in about two seconds there is a mass of molten, incandescent iron in the bottom of the crucible. This iron is run into the mold around the rail and there hardens, making the joint stronger than the rail.

In the second method the crucible is tipped instead of being tapped at the bottom; thus the alumina, which floats on top, comes in contact with the chilled rail first and forms a shell, so that the molten iron can not touch it; the iron then only heats the rail ends to a high temperature. When hot enough they are pressed together and allowed to cool.



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Since my fortunate discovery it is no longer necessary for any deaf person to carry a trumpet, a tube or any other such old-fashioned makeshift. My Common Sense Ear Drum is built on the strictest scientific principles, contains no metal, wires or strings of any kind, and is entirely new and up to date in all respects. It is so small that no one can see it when in position, yet it collects all the sound waves and focuses them against the drum head, causing you to hear naturally and perfectly. It will do this even when the natural ear drums are partially or entirely destroyed, perforated, scarred, relaxed or thickened. It fits any ear from childhood to old age, male or female, and aside from the fact that it does not show, it never causes the least irritation, and can be used with comfort day and night without removal for any cause.

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I want to place my 190 page book on deafness in the hands of every deaf person in the world. I will gladly send it free to anyone whose name and address I can get. It describes and illustrates Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums and contains bona fide letters from numerous users in the United States, Canada, Mexico, England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, India and the remotest islands. I have letters from people in every station in life—ministers, physicians, lawyers, merchants, society ladies, etc.—and tell the truth about the benefits to be derived from my wonderful little device. You will find the names of people in your own town and state, many whose names you know, and I am sure that all this will convince you that the cure of deafness has at last been solved by my invention.

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This half-tone reproduction of "Autumn Riches" only partially conveys the beauty and design of the lithographed plaques.

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